

# YANKEE DOODLE

## STORIES OF THE PRESENT WAR.

*Issued Semi-Monthly—By Subscription \$1.25 per year. Entered as Second Class Matter at the New York, N. Y., Post Office, May 14, 1898, by Frank Tousey.*

No. 6.

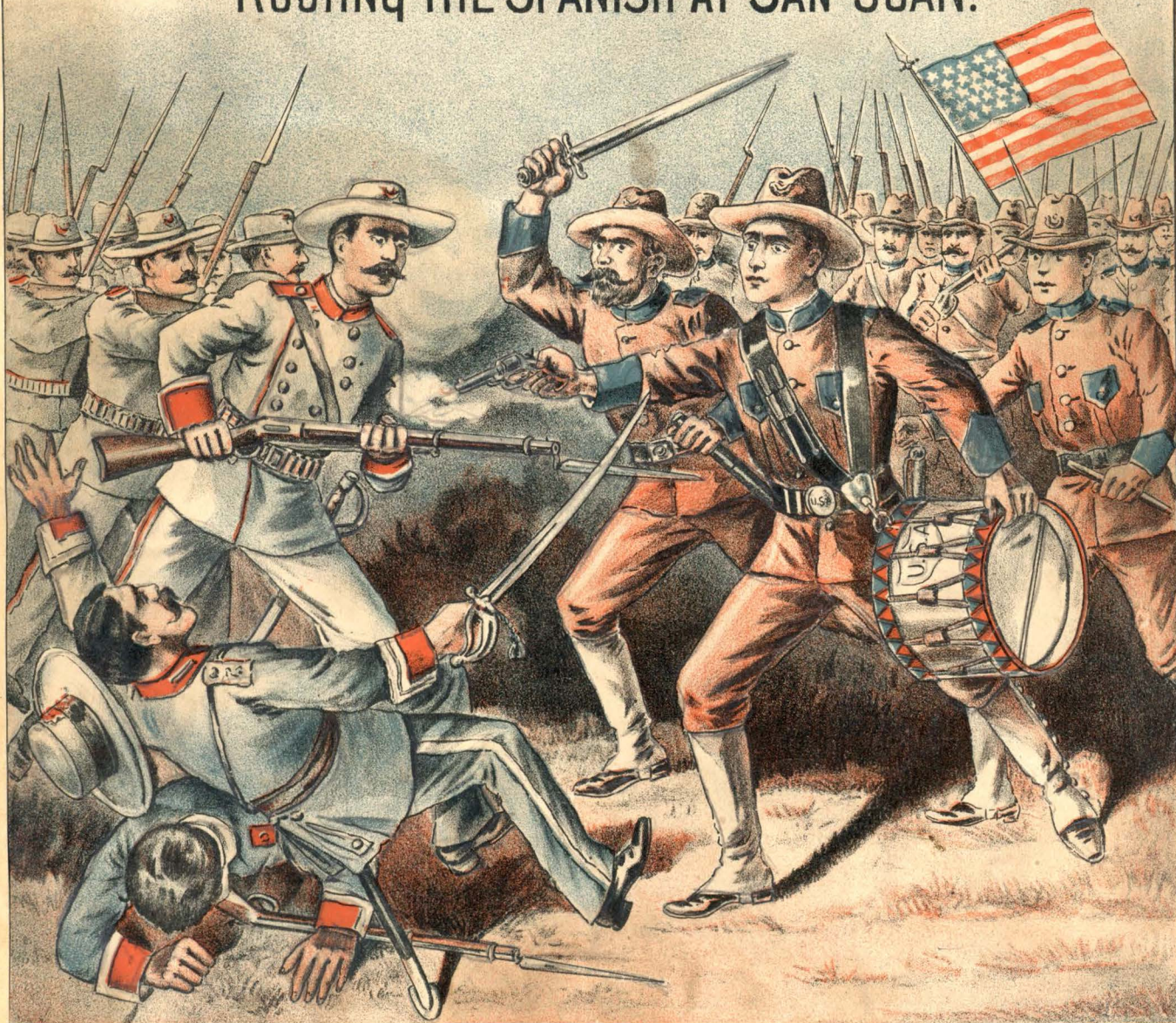
NEW YORK, July 20, 1898.

Price 5 Cents.

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—OR—

### ROUTING THE SPANISH AT SAN-JUAN.



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## YANKEE DOODLE IN PORTO RICO;

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### ROUTING THE SPANISH AT SAN JUAN.

BY AUTHOR OF YANKEE DOODLE.

#### CHAPTER I.

##### YANKEE DOODLE JOINS THE PORTO RICO EXPEDITION.

AFTER the bottling up of Cervera's fleet at Santiago and the landing of the American army to invest the city, there was no longer any fleet for the American squadron to contend with; hence the American forces could proceed leisurely in the operations against the Spanish power in Cuba.

In the beginning of the war between the United States and Spain the one central idea of the administration, as well as that of the whole American people, was to establish the independence of Cuba after driving the Spaniards out. But before the war had progressed a month the universal desire of the nation was to eliminate Spanish power entirely from the western hemisphere, until at present it is the universal determination of the authorities, as well as the people, to force Spain to release her grip on every spot of land in the West Indies. It was natural then, in view of that universal desire, that the war should be extended beyond Cuba to the island of Porto Rico, several hundred miles farther east.

That island had long been considered the richest in proportion to area of all the West Indies. Certainly the climate is the most salubrious and the island is less subject to diseases or epidemics than any other in that latitude. There are very few swamps, and yet it is one of the best watered islands in the world, for streams course from the mountains and high hills of the interior to almost every point of the compass. Like Cuba, the soil is extremely productive, while the drainage is far superior, and vegetation and fruits of all descriptions thrive to perfection. It is one of the few tropical regions of the world where cattle are raised profitably. Porto Rican horses are noted

for muscular strength and their adaptability for hard service. As for the population, it is far greater to the square mile than any other Spanish possession in the West Indies, and the proportion of whites over blacks is twice as great as in Cuba. While but little over thirty-five hundred square miles in area, the population exceeds eight hundred thousand. The largest city on the island is San Juan, on the north coast, with a population of 22,000, defended by fortifications erected more than a hundred years ago. It is the great shipping port of the island, having an extensive commerce with the interior.

But for the blight of Spanish rule the city, as well as the entire island, would long ago have become one of the garden spots of the world.

In order to let the Spanish authorities, both of Spain and Porto Rico, become fully aware that war was on, Admiral Sampson arrived off the port one day in the merry month of May, and proceeded to knock the fort and other fortifications to pieces, which feat required but an hour or so to perform, and then he sailed away again, leaving the Spaniards wondering what would happen if the fleet should return and continue the bombardment an hour or two longer. But as the fleet did not reappear, the Spaniards took another breath and proceeded to repair damages. They worked day and night strengthening their fortifications, remounting the guns that had been displaced by the American shells and recruiting the ranks of the Spanish army from the loyal population.

They were no more interfered with by the American fleet during that time, but preparations were continually going on on the American side for a descent on the island. When everything was ready a large fleet of transports, convoyed by a number of American ironclad war vessels, sailed from the Florida coast in the direction of Porto Rico.



On the way the general in command of the land forces held a consultation with Admiral Sampson on board his flagship off the eastern end of Cuba. The admiral gave him much information about the port and harbor of San Juan and placed at his disposal several of the best vessels of his fleet for the purpose of protecting his landing.

"Now, General," said the admiral, "I have on board the flagship a youth who has been of more service to the American cause in Cuba than any other man in the army or navy, and I suggest to you that you take him with you and turn him loose, unhampered with orders, to gather information for you and make things easy in numberless ways."

"Thank you," said the general; "those are the kind of men I have need of. Who is this young man?"

"He is a mere youth," replied the admiral, "who left New York City with the first regiment that moved South as a drummer boy. He is scarcely eighteen years of age, but for cool judgment and dauntless courage he is the peer of any man in the service. His name is Phil Freeman, but shortly after landing in Cuba the insurgents were so enthused by his drumming, particularly when he was playing 'Yankee Doodle,' with his fifer by his side, that ever afterward they called him 'Yankee Doodle,' because they had heard some of the American soldiers call out: 'That's Yankee Doodle.' Of course the soldiers were speaking of the air, while the Cubans thought they were speaking of the drummer; and now he is known by no other name."

"Ah!" said the general, "we've all heard of him, for the papers at home have teemed with stories of his exploits, and all of them claim that he bears a charmed life."

"Yes," assented the admiral, "his luck in escaping harm has been such as to convey that impression."

"I should be very glad to have him," said the general, whereupon the admiral summoned an orderly, whom he sent in quest of Yankee Doodle.

The youth soon put in an appearance in his neat brown linen uniform and saluted the admiral, who immediately introduced him to the general, saying as he did so:

"The general would like to have you go with him to Porto Rico."

Yankee Doodle saluted the general, with the remark:

"At your service, sir; but I have two friends whom I wish to have with me wherever I go."

"Who are they?" the general asked.

"Joe Bailey, my fifer, and an old Cuban by the name of Diego; as we three, I think, can take care of ourselves anywhere in the world."

"All right," laughed the general; "those are the kind of men I want."

"Then we are at your service, General. Joe Bailey and I were babies in the same block in New York City, and we have been friends since the time we cut our first teeth. Old Diego is an ugly, honest old Cuban, who loves me and hates everything Spanish. I hope some day to make a fortune out of him by betting with men who won't believe the story, that he can, with an ordinary machete, cut at one blow a full grown horse in two."

"What!" exclaimed the general; "do you mean cut him in two through the body?"

"Yes, General."

"Did you ever see him do it?"

"No, but I have seen him do things equally as wonderful, and I asked him once if he thought he could cut a horse in two; he replied that he thought he could, and I'm willing to bet that he can."

"He must have remarkable strength," remarked the general.

"He has," said Yankee Doodle; "and yet he is only about the average size. I ran across him when I was with General Gomez; he twice saved my life, and so I want to keep him with me as long as I can."

"Bring him along," said the general.

About an hour later the general returned on board the ship, where his staff awaited him, accompanied by Yankee Doodle, Joe Bailey and old Diego, and the great fleet of transports sailed eastward.

When he first went on board the ship the officers and men took Yankee Doodle for a mere drummer-boy whom the general had brought with him, probably for headquarters service, and were not a little puzzled over the quiet old Cuban who came with the two boys. No one asked the general about them, as they were not at all interested in a drummer, fifer or an unknown old Cuban.

Old Diego could speak pretty good English, and still better Spanish, and pretty soon one of the soldiers asked him what the news was from Cuba.

"There's hot fighting over there," he remarked, "and Senor Yankee Doodle has been right in the hottest part of it."

"Yankee Doodle!" exclaimed one of the men; "did you see him over there?"

"Si, senor, I was with him."

"The deuce you were! Tell us about him."

"It would take a long time for me to do that, senor, for there would be so much to tell."

"When did you see him last?" some one asked.

"There he is over there with that drum, senor," said the old man.

"Eh! What! Yankee Doodle on board?"

"Si, senor; that is he over there."

The soldiers made a rush, and in less than one minute half a hundred or more had crowded around the drummer boy and his fifer, scores of them hurling the question at him:

"Are you Yankee Doodle?"

"That's what they call me," laughed Yankee Doodle, and then every man of them wanted to shake his hand.

Soon the news spread through the entire ship that the famous drummer boy of whom they had heard so much was on board. Even a number of the officers of the regiment on hearing the report, which was confirmed by the general himself, crowded forward to see him and shake his hand, and the youth found himself the lion of the hour.

"I want to hear you drum," said a colonel in the group of officers.

"I am at your service, Colonel," was the reply.



"Clear a space here," ordered the colonel, and the soldiers formed a ring there on the deck of the big ship, so that hundreds could stand around and see and hear.

"Get your fife, Joe," laughed Yankee Doodle.

"All right, here it is," said Joe, drawing his fife from a long, deep, narrow pocket, which had been made expressly for it in his brown linen blouse, and taking his stand alongside the drummer, with old Diego on his left.

Then Yankee Doodle began, and the roll of the drum and the shrill notes of the fife were wafted out far over the quiet sea to other transports to the right and to the left of them. The clear notes of the national air of "Hail Columbia" were recognized on board some of the other transports, which brought rousing cheers from them.

From "Hail Columbia" they merged into "Star Spangled Banner," and from that into other airs that were familiar to the soldiers, and each air aroused the highest pitch of enthusiasm.

"Now," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the group of officers, "I will give you the charge which caused the brigade of American troops and a couple of thousand Cubans to break away from their officers and dash forward at the enemy, sweeping them off the field," and he commenced the charge, beating it so perfectly as to imitate the rush of an armed host, their fierce yells, the crash of volleys and clanging of steel against steel.

Such was the influence of the martial music that old Diego flashed his machete above his head, his eyes ablaze with the light of battle and fiercely yelled:

"Cuba Libre! Cuba Libre! Death to Spain!"

The fierce energy of his exclamations stirred up the soldiers, who repeated his shouts with a roar that was not unlike the sea in a storm. The general and his staff came forward just in time to catch the spirit of his men, and he saw at a glance the tremendous effect of such music on soldiers in the face of the enemy.

"It is wonderful," he remarked to his chief of staff; "and not until this moment could I understand how a drummer could have accomplished the things that have been credited to that youth. Every regiment in this army has a drummer, and I have heard them all in camp. The first thing for him to do when we have landed is to show the other drummers how to beat that charge."

"They all know how to beat a charge, General," remarked the chief of staff.

"So they do; but do they throw the spirit into it like this?"

"No, sir; it seems to be a different tune altogether; it must be his own composition."

During the afternoon the general questioned Yankee Doodle, and ascertained from him that the charge really was his own composition.

"Have you any objections to teaching it to the other drummers of the army?" the general asked.

"None in the least, General."

"Then I would be glad to have you do so as soon as we establish a camp."

"I'll do it with the greatest pleasure."

Young Joe Bailey, the fifer, was as much of an expert

with the fife as Yankee Doodle was with the drum, and was equally as proficient with the flute, with which instrument he could evolve the softest, sweetest strains to which the officers had ever listened.

The first night on board the transport with the general and his staff, Yankee Doodle related story after story of his adventures on land and sea with the army and navy, while old Diego entertained the soldiers in other parts of the ship with similar recitals that betrayed his unbounded admiration of the daring American youth. Many of the soldiers were amused at the old Cuban's assertion that the best marksman in the Spanish army couldn't hit Yankee Doodle ten paces away. He insisted that he bore a charmed life, and still farther, that he was the equal of any general in skilful strategy in either the American or insurgent army.

"As for Spain," said he, "she has no officer who can match him;" and then he told the story of how he captured a Spanish fort at Las Arenas with three hundred men, without losing a man, solely by his skill as a strategist.

It seemed so entirely incredible that none of the soldiers would believe it, thinking that it was simply an imaginative story of an event that had never occurred. But their continual talking about it caused some of the officers to hear it, and they reported it to the general.

"I guess it is true," remarked the general, "for I have had it from two other sources that are entirely authentic; and besides, Yankee Doodle himself explained how it was done, and it was easily to perceive the feasibility of it."

## CHAPTER II.

### YANKEE DOODLE LEADS A CHARGE IN THE FIRST BATTLE IN PORTO RICO.

In due course of time the fleet and transports reached the north coast of Porto Rico, and the warships intervened between the transports and the land as a protection against possible torpedo boats. It was suspected that every little harbor which ships could enter was mined, as well as defended by batteries on shore.

The general and the captains of the fleet were determined to make a landing in the vicinity of San Juan, as that was the principal port of the island, as well as the seat of government. There is a little harbor five miles west of San Juan, at the mouth of a river where there is a small town called Paloseco, and some six or eight miles farther west another called El Dorado, at the mouth of another river; but they were rather insignificant ports in view of the shallowness of the water.

It was resolved finally to land at the nearer port, or at a point between the two. Several of the warships proceeded to throw shells along the shore in order to unmask batteries and test their strength. They soon discovered a couple of batteries, which replied vigorously to the fire from the American ships. A few broadsides were sufficient to dismount the guns and send the gunners scampering over the hill, after which the disembarkation of troops began.



A regiment of sharpshooters was the first to land, and deployed over the hill to establish a line that would protect others landing from attack.

Yankee Doodle and his fifer, with old Diego, went ashore with the first boatload, and remained on the beach while the regiment deployed over the hill to establish a line. He filled the air with martial music as the Stars and Stripes was raised, accompanied by the wildest cheering of soldiers on land and in the transports.

As soon as two more regiments were landed they marched up to the deserted batteries and took possession of them. In the meantime a column of Spanish infantry had been despatched from San Juan to aid in preventing the landing. Couriers came back from the picket line on the approach of some two or three thousand Spaniards, and the two regiments were hurried forward to assist the first in maintaining the line.

Yankee Doodle went with them. It was soon apparent that the Spanish officers intended to attack before a sufficient force had been landed to resist them. But if they were under the impression that the American soldiers were like the natives they had heretofore been contending with they were greatly mistaken, for they were met with volley after volley with a steadiness that equalled the most disciplined troops in Europe or America.

Seeing the steady resistance of the Americans, reinforcements were ordered out and preparations were made for a grand charge all along the line. The American commander believed in vigorous measures, and knowing that audacity often demoralized an enemy, at once ordered his line to charge in order to disconcert the Spaniards; while the latter were astonished, they yet faced the music boldly, and instead of charging, ordered their men to prepare to repel the charge.

Yankee Doodle was at the head of the regiment with his drum, and Joe the fifer and Diego close by his side.

"Now, Joe," said Yankee Doodle, "it's going to be hot, so we must head this charge. Come ahead."

As the line started forward Joe, Yankee Doodle and old Diego leaped a few paces in advance and began beating a charge that went roaring over the field loud enough to be heard by the combatants of both sides.

The soldiers caught the spirit instantly and dashed forward with wild yells of defiance and hate. In another minute the two lines clashed, for the Spaniards stood bravely by their colors. Yankee Doodle and Joe ceased their music, drew their revolvers and began firing. Spaniards dropped all around them. Three times old Diego cut down Spaniards who had rushed at Yankee Doodle to bayonet him.

The regiment had run up against nearly three times their number, and it began to be an even question as to whether they would not be pushed back; but at that moment the second regiment that had landed from the ships was seen coming up at a double-quick.

"Come, Joe," cried Yankee Doodle to his fifer, "let's give 'em the charge," and again the fife and the drum shrieked and roared over the din of the battle, urging the second regiment into the fight.

Under the wild enthusiasm aroused by the martial music the second regiment surged up against the Spaniards a resistless torrent, forcing them back at the point of bayonet.

The moment he saw them giving away Yankee Doodle yelled out:

"Charge again, boys! We've got 'em!" and again fife and drum shrieked and roared the charge, the two regiments keeping in advance of the line.

Suddenly the Spanish line broke and the men were scampering back almost in a panic. Yankee Doodle and Joe pushed on after them, still beating the charge leading the way.

The third regiment soon came up, but was ordered to hold the line while the officers were endeavoring to reform the pursuit.

Suddenly the wild triumphant notes of "Yankee Doodle" roared out from the drum and fife, and every American soldier within sound of it frantically cheered.

The colonel of the first regiment, after vainly trying to check the pursuit, and thus prevent his men from getting too far advanced into the enemy's country, rushed up to Yankee Doodle and sung out:

"Blast you! Who commands this regiment—you or me?"

"Why, you do, Colonel, of course," replied Yankee Doodle. "I don't command anything."

"Didn't you call to the men to charge?"

"I guess I did, Colonel; but I thought you had done so too?"

"Beat a rally," ordered the colonel, "and be quick about it;" and the rally was beaten with such force that the regiment instantly stopped and rallied to the colors.

Quite a number of Americans had fallen; but there were fully three Spaniards to one of our side lying on the ground. The general of the brigade concluded to hold the line where the pursuit of the Spaniards ceased in order to give as wide a field as possible to the regiments that were to land.

When the news went back that the Spaniards had been driven from the field, cheer after cheer went up from the men on shore as well as from those on board the transports.

"General," said the colonel of the first regiment to the commander of the brigade, "this fellow Yankee Doodle will have to have a string tied to him."

"Why so?" the general asked.

"Why, he led the entire regiment nearly a quarter of a mile before I could stop him."

"Why didn't you lead it yourself?" the general asked.

"Because I would have been court-martialled for subordination in going so far beyond the line of battle that way."

"Well, let me say to you, Colonel," said the general, "that no officer in my brigade will ever be court-martialled for chasing the enemy."

"I know that well enough, General," the colonel turned; "but when we had followed them as far as was thought was prudent, I tried to stop them, but Yankee Doodle kept beating the charge and urging the men on."



The general laughed and remarked:

"I wish we had such a drummer for every regiment in the army; when he does that way again, simply order him to beat a rally, and the men will instantly obey."

Yankee Doodle and the fifer, followed by old Diego, were returning to the seashore to see the landing of the troops, when the general rode up, accompanied by his staff.

"See here, my boy," said he to Yankee Doodle, "you two made it hot for the Spaniards back there."

"Why, General, every man did his full duty," responded Yankee Doodle.

"Of course they did," returned the general; "but that charge of yours was the best thing I ever heard on a battlefield."

"Thank you, General," said both the boys; "we are ready to beat it any time you say."

"Well, I have this to say to you, and you must not forget it: Never beat the charge until the order to charge is given."

"I never do, General," said Yankee Doodle.

"Perhaps not; but yet to-day you kept beating it after the order to halt was given."

"I never heard it, sir."

"I believe you," laughed the general, "and fully forgive you;" whereupon the two boys doffed their hats and saluted him. Then they resumed their tramp down toward the beach, where boat after boat from the various transports were landing the regiments as fast as possible; and as the different organizations got together they were marched up over the hill in search of eligible places for camping. Some were placed on picket duty, and the lines extended in sections so as to prevent an attack by the enemy under cover of night, which was now fast approaching.

Not being attached to any particular regiment, Yankee Doodle and Joe formed a little camp of their own. Old Diego had brought with him a small fly tent, which he proceeded to erect, after which he went in search of rations. They were given to him by the commissary of the First regiment, and he returned with them to prepare supper for the two boys.

"Señor Yankee Doodle," said the old man, "when San Juan falls there will be no more fighting in Porto Rico."

"Why do you think so, Diego?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Because nearly all the Spanish force is there; and when they are captured the others will surrender without a fight."

"You may be right, Diego," said Yankee Doodle; "but we're going to have some hard work before we get the city."

"Si, señor, but the Americanos will get it."

"Of course," laughed Yankee Doodle; "that's what we are here for; and see here, Amigo, you took good care of me to-day in that fight over the hill there, and I want to thank you for it," and he reached out and grasped the hand of the old man, shaking it warmly. It touched the loyal heart of the old Cuban, who said in a faltering tone of voice:

"Si, señor; I would be sorry to see you hurt."

"So would I, Amigo; and I think that but for you I

would not be alive to-day. Do you know anyone in Porto Rico?"

"No, señor; I was never here before, but I have met a great many people from Porto Rico."

"They are just the same as the people in Cuba, are they not?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, señor, just the same."

"Do you think there are any natives over here who wish to throw off the yoke of Spain?"

"Thousands of them, señor, but they have never been able to make a stand as we have in Cuba."

"Do you think any of them could be organized to co-operate with the American army?"

"Si, señor, many of them."

The little party of three crept under the fly tent the first night on Porto Rican soil, whilst thousands of others were forced to sleep with no other covering between them and the heavy dew but their blankets.

All night long the disembarkation of troops continued, and when morning came between eight and ten thousand soldiers had been landed.

The Spaniards, having failed to prevent a landing, refrained from attacking again and devoted themselves to throwing up a line of intrenchments along the east bank of the river so as to prevent the cutting of the railroad that led from San Juan into the interior of the island, as well as at the same time keeping the American troops from getting fresh water from the river. In that hot climate soldiers want fresh water to drink every hour, so when it was ascertained by the American commander that the Spanish lines extended along the east bank of the river, thus cutting off access to the water, the right wing of the army was thrown around so as to take in the village with its wells and other sources of water supply.

Yankee Doodle and Joe, not being attached to any particular command, and being subject only to the orders of the commander-in-chief, wandered about wherever they pleased. Both the boys had picked up in Cuba enough knowledge of the Spanish language to enable them to converse with anybody in that tongue. In the village of Paloseco they found the majority of the inhabitants living in better houses and with more of this world's goods than could be seen in similar villages in Cuba. At a well in the yard of one of the villagers there was continuously a score or more of American soldiers coming and going, carrying pails of water, not one of whom could speak a word of Spanish, and none of them seemed to interfere in any way with the villagers.

When they reached the well, Yankee Doodle and Joe, seeing no chance to get any water on account of the crowd around it, went into the house on the premises, where they found a mother with half a dozen children, two of whom were young girls, apparently fifteen and seventeen years of age.

"Pardon me for intruding, senora," said Yankee Doodle, removing his hat and bowing politely to the mother; "but I would ask if you would give us a drink of water, since we cannot get to the well."



"Si, senor," she replied; "we have some in the house, but it is very warm."

"That will do, senora; warm water will quench thirst as well as cold, though it may not be so pleasing to the throat."

One of the daughters arose, went into another room, and a half minute later returned with a pail of water and a dipper, which she placed on a little table.

Yankee Doodle, Joe and old Diego quenched their thirst, after which he said to the mother:

"Thank you, senora; I would advise you to keep your pail and dipper concealed from view, lest some of the soldiers, overcome with thirst, take them from you."

"Si, senor," she said, springing up and taking the pail back into the little room again.

When she returned she remarked:

"We were very much frightened during the battle yesterday, for the Spanish soldiers told us that the Americanos would kill us all and burn our homes; but we are surprised that they have not done so."

"They will not do so, senora," said Yankee Doodle, "for they are a civilized people who do not make war on women and children, nor even on men unless they bear arms."

"But do you not make prisoners of the men?" she asked.

"Not unless they are captured in battle, senora."

"Then, can my husband come home?" she asked quickly.

"Si, senora, if he is not in the Spanish army."

"He is not a soldier, senor; he is only a gardener."

"Where is he?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"I don't know, senor; he went away before the fight began yesterday when he heard that the Americanos killed all the men and burned down their homes."

"Well," said Yankee Doodle, "send word to him to come home; he will not be molested unless he is found aiding the enemy in some way."

The mother and children were rejoiced when they heard that, and one of the latter went into another room and returned with fruit, which was offered to the three, for which they were thanked.

Yankee Doodle then explained to them that the object of the invasion of Porto Rico was to drive Spain out forever from the West Indies, and that when it was done the people of the island would be free from all oppression and be allowed to elect all their rulers the same as it was done in America.

### CHAPTER III.

YANKEE DOODLE, DIEGO, JOE AND TONY VANQUISH SIX SPANISH CAVALRYMEN.

In the course of conversation with the Porto Rican family Yankee Doodle learned that it was the belief of all the village that the Americans were barbarians who spared neither age nor sex. He advised the mother to immediately summon some of her neighbors, or else go to them herself, and disabuse their minds of that impression.

"I dare not leave my house and children, senor," she replied; "it would be better if you told them yourself, for they will believe you."

"So I will, senora, and before I leave permit me to thank you again for the water you gave us," and he removed his hat and bowed to her again, and Joe did likewise.

"Si, senor," she said, "and I thank you for relieving our fears as you have."

Then they left the house and proceeded to the next one, the doors and windows of which were closed and securely fastened on the inside, the inmates being too much frightened to make any response to their repeated knocking.

"Diego," said Yankee Doodle to the old Cuban, "you speak the language better than I do; say to the people within that they should have no fears whatever, as the American soldiers will not interfere with women or children, nor with men who are not soldiers."

"Si, senor," said the old man, who immediately proceeded to do as he had been ordered.

It acted like magic on the inmates of the house, who threw open the door and asked if it was really true.

"It is true, senora," said the old man; "send others to tell your neighbors that they have nothing to fear."

"And you will not harm us, senor?" said the young matron, looking inquiringly at Yankee Doodle.

"Nothing whatever, senora," he replied.

"Then I will go and tell my mother," and she ran out of the house, hurried up the street, passing some three or four houses on the way, calling out the good news to all as she went.

The three followed her, and in a little while the news spread to every house on the street. In two of them only were men found, the others having fled to escape death, as they believed, at the hands of the Americans.

Before sunset of that day quite a number of men returned to the village, the news having gone out to them that the Americans would not meddle with the women and children.

"Diego," said Yankee Doodle, "if we can find a guide whom we can trust, I would like to take a trip in the country and see how far up the river the Spanish line extends."

"Si, senor; I don't know whom we can trust."

"Oh, I guess we can trust somebody by promising to kill him if he goes back on us."

The old Cuban grinned and promised to look out for one.

The three finally entered a house in which were a mother and three daughters, who were eager to know if it was true that the Americanos molested nobody but the soldiers.

"It is true, senora," said Yankee Doodle.

"And are the Americanos going to drive the Spaniards out of Porto Rico?"

"Si, senorita, and when they go they will be gone forever."

"Sancti Marie!" she exclaimed; "I am so glad, for I hate Spain and all Spaniards."

"So do I, senorita," exclaimed old Diego, his face beaming.



"Do many of your people hate Spain and the Spaniards, *senorita*?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, *senor*; they nearly all do."

"Then, *senora*, you can tell me where we can get a guide who knows all the country hereabouts, for we wish to hire one, and we will pay him well if he serves us faithfully."

"My son, *senor*, knows all the country, and he will go."

"Where is he?"

"Out on the hills, *senor*; I will send Anita for him," and she turned to one of her daughters, a dark-skinned little beauty of some sixteen years of age, and told her to go for Antonio.

The young girl sprang up and ran out of the house. She was gone about half an hour, after which time she returned accompanied by a youth about eighteen or nineteen years of age, who seemed quite doubtful as to the reception he was going to receive.

"This is Antonio, *senor*," said the mother as the young man entered the house with his sister.

"Glad to see you, Tony," said Yankee Doodle, extending his hand. "I can give you employment if you haven't got a Spanish heart."

"There's nothing Spanish about me, *senor*; I hate Spain."

"Very good," assented Yankee Doodle. "Do you know the country 'round about here?"

"Si, *senor*, every foot of it; and I know every man who loves Spain, as well as those who hate her."

"Good again," said Yankee Doodle; "have you a gun?"

"No, *senor*; but I have a machete."

"That's a good weapon," said grim old Diego with a smile.

"So it is, *senor*," assented the youth; "and I know how to use it, too. What would you have me do, *senor*?"

"I wish you to go with us as a guide, so we can know where we are going and how we can come back."

"I will go, *senor*."

"And we will pay you," said Yankee Doodle, "five *pesetas* a day."

The young man agreed to go and was highly delighted at the wages offered, and in less than half an hour after his return to the house they were off.

The party of four walked out of the village, going directly southward, following the main road, which, by the way, proved to be superior to any road Yankee Doodle had found in Cuba. They were soon out in the country among the farms and gardens, where tobacco, sugar-cane and all kinds of tropical fruits were growing in the greatest abundance.

"You have a great deal of fruit here, Tony," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Si, *senor*; we have fruit all the year 'round."

"Do the people here live on fruit?"

"Those do who wish to; but we have everything to eat in Porto Rico. Do you see yonder house, *senor*?" and Tony pointed in the direction of a house sitting back in a grove of magnificent trees.

"Si, *senor*," said Yankee Doodle; "who lives there?"

"*Senor* Ragan lives there, who is a rich Spaniard who supplies the army at San Juan with beef."

"Oh, indeed," said Yankee Doodle; "we'll have some of that beef very soon."

"I wish I had some of it now," said Tony, licking his chops and pressing his hand on his stomach.

"Are you hungry?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, *senor*; I have eaten nothing but a little fruit to-day."

"How is that? Have you no food at home?"

"Si, *senor*; but I have been staying out in the woods since yesterday, and when I returned with my sister I forgot that I was hungry."

Yankee Doodle and Joe laughed very heartily over the idea that a man should forget that he was hungry.

"We must get some fruit, then," said Yankee Doodle; and as they passed the place the young Porto Rican invaded a portion of the Spaniard's grounds and helped himself to an armful of delicious fruit. He was seen by some of the employes on the place, who came forward to arrest him if he did not return the fruit. There were three of them, but when they saw the two Americans and the old Cuban, armed as soldiers, they became very gentle in their remonstrance. Yet, as they knew Tony personally, they threatened to report him to the authorities and have him punished; whereat Tony laughed and remarked that Spain would punish no more people in Porto Rico.

"Don't you be sure of that," said one of the laborers. "Spain will drive out the *Americanos*."

"Do you think so?" Tony asked incredulously. "The Spanish soldiers were whipped yesterday."

"No, they were not," said the man; "the *Americanos* will either be killed or captured."

"You talk like a fool, *senor*," said old Diego. "The Spaniards can't fight the *Americanos*."

By this time several other laborers came up, all of whom were astonished at seeing two American soldiers, mere youths, so far out from the lines of the American army.

"You will both be killed, *senors*," said an old man, "if the Spaniards find you."

"Well, we are not hiding from anybody," said Yankee Doodle, who, seeing that they were all favorable to Spain, decided to tell them something for their benefit.

"The American army," he said to them, "is here to drive the Spaniards out of Porto Rico, and they are going to do it in a very few days; now, if you fellows want to fight for Spain, you should go and enlist in the Spanish army; but if you seek to do any fighting on your own hook, or to aid the Spaniards in any way without joining them, you will be severely dealt with by the American general, if not shot. The American troops make war only upon soldiers; never on women and children nor unarmed men. You people here on this place will not be molested in any way if you attend to business and take no hand in the war."

"Will we not be allowed to help Spain, *senor*?" one of them asked.

"Not unless you join the Spanish army."

The man seemed a little surprised, as he evidently did



not understand that it was a universal rule among nations for non-combatants to remain quiescent.

The laborers were half disposed to interfere with Tony and his fruit gathering; but the three rifles borne by Yankee Doodle, Joe and old Diego had the effect to overawe them, so they let him go without any more ado; and the little party of four resumed their journey.

A mile farther up the road they stopped at a house where a half-dozen cavalry horses were hitched under the trees. As soon as he saw the horses Tony became almost panic-stricken. "They are Spanish cavalry, *senor*," he exclaimed.

"I guess they are scouts, Joe," said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, *senor*," said old Diego; "we need four horses."

"Yes, so we do," assented Yankee Doodle; "I wonder where the Spaniards are?"

"They are in the house, *senor*," said Tony, "and they will shoot us if we take their horses."

"But we have guns too," laughed Yankee Doodle; and the party of four marched up to the horses, while Yankee Doodle seized one—a very fine animal—Joe another, Diego another, and Tony was ordered to take a fourth.

They had scarcely reached the horses ere the cavalymen came running out of the house, exclaiming:

"Caramba! Leave the horses alone!" They seemed to be afraid to fire for fear of hitting the horses, but advanced holding their guns in a threatening way.

"Let 'em have it, boys," said Yankee Doodle, and the next moment three rifles cracked and three Spaniards sank down in their tracks at a place some ten paces distant from the house.

The other three sprang for shelter behind the trees in the yard and began firing. One of the horses was hit, for he reared and plunged, frantic with pain.

Watching his opportunity, Joe drew a bead on one of them and sent a bullet through his shoulder, which knocked him out of the fight.

"Surrender, you fools!" cried out Yankee Doodle in pretty good Spanish.

"Death to the Americanos!" came from behind one of the trees, whereupon old Diego dashed forward and reached the opposite side of the tree. Thrusting his machete around, he dislodged the cavalryman, who, with a yell, sprang aside and tried to bring his gun to bear upon him. The old man was too quick for him, for he knocked the gun up and cut the owner down, thus leaving only one out of the six Spaniards, who very promptly sung out that he would surrender and tossed his gun fully ten feet away from him.

The work was done within three minutes from the time the first shot was fired, and naturally the family in the house were in a state of consternation, for the women and children supposed that they were to be killed or driven out and the house burned down.

But when the fight was over Tony ran into the house to assure them that the Americanos would do them no harm.

The one prisoner captured signed a parole and was left there to look after his wounded comrade and bury the four dead ones.

"Now, Tony," said Yankee Doodle, "you can have a horse, a gun and a belt of cartridges."

"And will they be mine, *senor*?" he asked eagerly.

"Si, *senor*," said Yankee Doodle; whereupon the excited youth gave a great whoop of—

"Death to Spain!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### YANKEE DOODLE'S PARTY AND THE SPANISH SENTINELS.

The little party of four mounted their horses and rode away, leaving the others behind to be looked after by the paroled soldier, who seemed to be very much surprised at the lenient treatment he had received at the hands of his captors.

"Say, Jo," said Yankee Doodle to his fifer, "this is better than walking, isn't it?"

"You bet it is," replied Joe. "I'm a pretty good walker, but this hot sun makes me tired before I can go a mile. The government ought to supply us with umbrellas."

"There is only one government on earth that does that," remarked Yankee Doodle.

"Which one does it?" Joe asked.

"Why, China."

"Oh, yes," laughed Joe, "I believe they do, and each soldier has a fan, too—but they don't kill anybody, you know."

"Oh, yes, they do," said Yankee Doodle; "but they do it in such a queer sort of way that it seems comical to us."

Old Diego and Tony rode side by side behind the other two, keeping up a rapid conversation, in which the old Cuban was pumping all the information he could out of the youth. The old man was a keen one, and in a very little while had gathered a great deal of information about matters and things in that part of Porto Rico.

He found out that the Spanish rule there was about the same as it was in Cuba, which rule might be summed up in a few words, "oppressive taxation."

As they rode along the highway it was seen that the topography of the country was very different from that of Cuba. They passed farm after farm on which horses and cattle were quietly feeding, while the fields teemed with cane, vegetables and fruit.

"A blockade wouldn't starve out Porto Rico," remarked Yankee Doodle as he looked around him.

"No," said Joe, "all the good a blockade would do would be in preventing reinforcements from being sent from Spain."

"Yes, that's true," assented the other, "and an army of a hundred thousand men could be provisioned all the year 'round on the products of one acre of land for each man."

After going about four miles from where they met the Spanish cavalymen they struck a large plantation which had the appearance of having been recently plundered.

"What place is this, Tony?" Yankee Doodle asked the guide.

"It belongs to an Americano, *senor*, who lives in New



York every summer and spends his winters here. The governor-general sent Spanish soldiers to take all the horses and cattle on the place."

"Where is the owner's family?"

"I don't know, senor; they are not here now; but the laborers on the place live in those huts out there," and he pointed in the direction of a number of huts further down the road.

"Do you know any of the men?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"I know two of them, senor."

"Are they loyal to Spain?"

"I don't know, senor; but think they are not."

The party rode up and halted in front of the huts, where were gathered the women and children, with three or four men among them, all of whom seemed to be very much surprised at seeing them.

"Senor," said Yankee Doodle, addressing one of the men, "will you kindly give us a drink of water?"

"Si, senor," answered the man, and at once hurried away to a well in the rear of his cottage.

Yankee Doodle and Jack dismounted and stood by their horses while waiting for the man to return with the water. A young girl in the party, beautiful as an houri, ran up to Tony, clutched him by the arm, and in a half whisper asked:

"Antonio, are these Americanos?"

"Si, senorita."

"But those are Spanish horses! They passed here this morning," she said to him.

"Si, senorita; they were captured but an hour ago."

"And the soldiers, senor; where are they?"

"Four are dead, one wounded and the other a prisoner."

"Sancti Marie!" gasped the girl. "And did those Americanos kill them?"

"They each killed one, senorita, and that terrible Cuban there slew two," and Tony pointed to old Diego as he spoke. The old man was talking to two of the elderly women and telling them about the battle that was fought when the Spaniards tried to prevent the landing of the American soldiers.

By that time the man returned with the pail of water, which was cool and sparkling, fresh from the bottom of a deep well. The four drank freely, and Yankee Doodle, when he had quenched his thirst, remarked to the man:

"Senor, that is the sweetest water I ever tasted, and I thank you for it."

"You are welcome, senor," was the reply.

"Senor," asked one of the women, "will the Americanos come this way?"

"I think they will, senora; but you have nothing to fear from them, for they are in no way like the Spaniards."

"They will not harm us, senor?"

"No, senora; they make war only on Spain and her soldiers."

"Oh, I am so glad to hear that," cried the young girl who had been speaking with Tony, "for the Spanish soldiers are cruel and plunder everybody. They are building a fort on the other side of the river right out there," and

she pointed eastward toward the hills directly in front of their home.

"Building a fort out there, eh?" said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor, I saw them early this morning; they have been working all night digging deep ditches and throwing up the earth in a high ridge."

Yankee Doodle looked at old Diego when he heard that, and the old man seemingly understood his glance, for he nodded his head approvingly without uttering a word.

"There is a ford there, senor," said the young girl, "where one can wade across the river."

"Ah," said Yankee Doodle; "the fort is to defend the crossing."

"Si, senor," assented Diego, nodding his head.

"I thank you for the information," said Yankee Doodle, turning to the young girl. "Can you tell me how far from here it is to the river?"

"Only a mile, senor."

"Then you will hear the sounds of the battle when it is fought."

"Will they fight there, senor?" she asked, her eyes opening wide.

"Si, senorita, if the Spaniards don't go away when our soldiers come up."

Yankee Doodle then turned to old Diego and held a whispered conversation with him, after which he asked Tony if he knew the way to the fort.

"Si, senor, I know it well," replied the youth.

Then the young girl spoke up quickly, saying to Yankee Doodle:

"By the road, senor, it is two miles to the ford, but there is a path leading over the hill through the woods by which you can reach it after going but one mile."

"Thank you, senorita," said he; "you are as good as you are beautiful. We will go over that way and take a look at the fort they are building."

Then he turned to the man who had brought the water, who proved to be the father of the young girl, and asked if he would care for their horses while they walked over the hill to the river.

"Si, senor," said the man, "I will hide them in the woods."

"Very good then, we will go at once," and turning to Tony told him to go ahead.

It turned out that Tony was not aware of that path, for he asked the girl where he could strike it.

"I will show you, senor," she said, and she led off almost at a run along the road to a distance of a couple of hundred yards, where she turned into the woods on the left, followed by the four.

"This is the path, senor," she said to Yankee Doodle, "and it leads straight over the hill to the river."

"Will you go with us, senorita?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Si, senor, if you wish."

"I do wish, senorita; but do not go if you think there is any danger."

"Oh, the Spaniards are all on the other side of the river, senor; there is no danger from them."



"Then go," said he, "for there is no danger to you from us."

She gave a little laugh, and ran on ahead along the path, leaving the others to follow.

"Hold on, señorita," laughed Yankee Doodle, "let Tony lead, for I want you to walk by my side so I can talk to you."

"Si, senior," she laughed, waiting until he came up and then walked along by his side, talking briskly all the time.

Yankee Doodle thought she was the most beautiful girl he had ever met, and her vivacity made her a very charming companion. They passed over the hill and down a long slope to the foot of another. Ascending a second hill, they found themselves, when they reached the crest, in full view of the river, some three or four hundred yards away.

Yankee Doodle had a field glass with him, which he immediately proceeded to use, and by means of it obtained quite a good view of the Spaniards at work, throwing up breastworks along the opposite bank of the river.

Of course, the dense foliage of the woods obscured the view in many places, so he decided to descend the hill, in order to get a closer view of the Spanish earthworks.

In a little while they were within fifty feet of the water's edge, and at that point the path they had been following turned squarely to the right, leading into the main road that ran down to the ford. So dense was the thicket along the river bank that nothing could be seen on the other side.

"Remain here," whispered Yankee Doodle to the party, "while I go forward in search of a better view;" and with that he crept forward along the little path until he reached the roadside, where, to his amazement, he saw a party of a dozen Spanish soldiers sitting under the shade of the trees on the opposite side of the road. They were evidently sentinels placed over on that side of the river; but they were lying around smoking and conversing in a listless sort of way, as if the intense heat of the day had made them weary.

The moment he discovered them he stepped back into the bushes to avoid being seen, but not before one of the Spaniards had caught a glimpse of him.

The Spaniard sprang up and darted across the road, uttering an exclamation as he did so. A half dozen others followed him.

Yankee Doodle hurried back to his companions, and said in a low tone of voice to old Diego:

"There's a party of about a dozen Spaniards out there in the road and some of them saw me."

Then, turning quickly to the young girl, he added:

"Run back along the path, señorita; you may be in danger."

"What is the danger, senior?" she asked.

"Spaniards," he replied.

But she did not leave; for the sounds made by the Spaniards as they rushed along the little path caused her to stand still as if rooted to the spot. The Spaniards were on them in a moment, and the first blow that was struck was made by old Diego's machete.

There was a swish and a thud that can scarcely be described in words, and one of the Spaniards sank down in his tracks with his head split to his chin.

The girl uttered a half-suppressed shriek at the sudden attack, but did not leave the spot. The next moment Yankee Doodle and Joe opened fire with their revolvers, and as they were within five feet of the enemy, no bullets were wasted. Two of them dropped, and the other three bounded away toward the road.

With the spring of a panther, old Diego dashed after them, and the dull thud of his machete was twice heard by Yankee Doodle and Joe as the fierce old warrior gave his death-dealing blows.

In the meantime Tony, the guide, stood stock still in his tracks with his machete in one hand and rifle in the other, not having made a move. Yankee Doodle was about to speak to him, when a volley of half a dozen rifles sent as many bullets whistling through the leaves all about them.

"Come," said Yankee Doodle to Joe and Tony, "we must help Diego," and he ran forward in the direction the old Cuban had gone. Joe and Tony dashed after him, and in another moment came in contact with a half dozen Spanish soldiers who had come to the aid of their comrades.

The old Cuban was entertaining the half dozen Spaniards single-handed with his machete. The three boys waded in with their revolvers and in less than half a minute only two of the Spaniards were on their feet, and they turned, fled to the road, and dashed into the river to wade across to the other side.

"Are you hurt, Diego?" Yankee Doodle asked the old Cuban.

"No, sir," he replied, with a grim smile.

"Well, then, we must get away from here, for reinforcements can run across the river within three minutes."

"Si, senior," assented the old man, as he proceeded to pick up the arms of the fallen foe.

Yankee Doodle stooped over one of the men and unfastened his cartridge belt. In doing so he saw a gold chain protruding from the pocket of the Spaniard's blouse. On pulling it out, he found it attached to a fine gold watch.

"He has been plundering somebody," he remarked, as he transferred the watch to his own pocket; "and as a dead man can't take care of anything, I will take charge of it for him."

Then, with the arms of the dead Spaniards, they hurried back to where they had left the girl. She was standing there still, as if undecided which way to turn.

"Come, señorita," said Yankee Doodle, "we'll go back now. Lead the way, please."

She turned and quickly ran along the path, the others following close behind her. At the top of the hill Yankee Doodle used his spy-glass again, and saw that the Spaniards who were throwing up the earthworks had dropped their shovels and were standing behind the works, rifles in hand.

"They fear an attack," he remarked to Joe, "and I don't



believe they have the courage to cross the river in pursuit of us. All the same, though, we'll hurry back to our horses;" and they turned and hastened on their way along the path back toward the cottage.

In descending the hill Yankee Doodle caught up with the young girl, took her hand in his, and said to her:

"Senorita, you are a brave girl, and I wish to show you how an American soldier appreciates one like you. Here is a present which I wish you to take and keep, and remember me when you look at it;" and with that he placed in her hand the watch and chain he had taken from the dead Spaniard.

"Oh, Senor Americano!" she exclaimed; "how beautiful! how good of you!" and her eyes fairly sparkled as she held the present in her hand.

"Put it in your pocket, senorita," he said, "and let no one see it until this war has ended; then you can wear it without it's bringing upon you any trouble from soldiers of either side."

"Thank you a thousand times, Senor Americano," replied the girl, thrusting the watch in the bosom of her dress.

They then hurried on down the hill, and were soon at the cottages again. The men, women and children were all together in a group, having heard the faint reports of the shots that had been fired a mile away.

## CHAPTER V.

### YANKEE DOODLE WINS PRAISE FROM THE GENERAL—THE FOOLHARDY CAPTAIN.

The moment the mother of the young girl saw her emerge into the road with the little party, she uttered an exclamation of joy, for she had feared greatly for her safety.

"Oh, why did you go?" she exclaimed, as she caught her daughter in her arms.

"Because the Senor Americano asked me to, mother, and they were so kind to me. The Spanish soldiers ran into the woods to fight them and were nearly all killed."

The girl was rattling off her story with great rapidity, when Yankee Doodle turned to her father and asked for the horses.

"I will get them, senor," said the man, and with two or three others hurried away after them. When they reappeared Yankee Doodle asked him:

"Senor, do you wish to see Porto Rico free?"

"Si, senor," the man replied promptly.

"And your neighbors—do they also?"

"Si, senor," answered every man in the group.

"Then take these guns and fight for liberty."

The swarthy fellows sprang forward with eager exclamations of thanks, and each one instantly possessed himself of a rifle and cartridge belt.

"Now," said Yankee Doodle, "go around among your neighbors and tell them we will give them arms and ammu-

nition if they want to help drive the Spaniards out of Porto Rico. I will come by this way again soon, and shall be glad to see you and all other men of your neighbors who are willing to help in this fight against Spanish oppression."

Then he turned to the young girl who had accompanied them over the hills to the river, seized her hand, pressed it to his lips and said:

"Adios, senorita."

"Adios, senor," she returned.

The party then quickly mounted their horses and rode back in the direction they had come.

"We must ride fast now," said Yankee Doodle, "for the general must know of the Spanish efforts to defend that ford back there."

Then they dashed away almost at full speed along the highway. In a little while their horses were covered with foam, but still they pressed on and soon struck the little village where lived the parents of Tony. They were halted by the American pickets, to whom Yankee Doodle stated that he had information of importance for the general.

They were hurried forward, but in the confusion of the landing of the troops, which was still going on, it was rather difficult to find the general, as it was not known that he had really landed.

After half an hour spent in inquiries, it was finally ascertained that the general had temporary headquarters in a tent that had been erected for him on a hillside that overlooked the scene of landing.

Yankee Doodle at once reported to him and explained how he had discovered the Spaniards at work throwing up fortifications to protect a ford of the river several miles above there.

"That is important," said the general; "send your guide here to me."

Tony was at once called in, and the general questioned him closely about the topography of the country, and particularly the depth of the river between its mouth and the ford. Tony gave him accurate information, stating that the ford was the only place where the river could be crossed without boats.

When the general dismissed Tony Yankee Doodle informed him that the young man was a reliable guide as far as he was able to judge, and that he had hired him for five pesetas a day.

"Very good," said the general, "I will bear that expense myself. I shall need him and you, too, within a few hours; don't go away again until you hear from me."

He saluted the general and retired to make his report to Joe and old Diego. Tony was overjoyed when told that the general would employ him as a guide and pay him what he had promised him.

"Then," said Joe, "we had better move our tent over here close to headquarters, so as to be ready when wanted."

"That's so," said Yankee Doodle; "we'll move at once," and they lost no time in doing so. The horses they had captured, with their Spanish trappings, excited no little attention from the soldiers, many of whom came to look at them, among whom were several officers.



When he explained how he came into possession of them, a captain asked him what right he had to parole a prisoner.

"I don't know that I have any right," laughed Yankee Doodle; "I did it on my own responsibility."

"You can be court-martialled for it," said the captain.

"Who by?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Why, by a court-martial, of course."

"Oh, well, I guess nobody is going to find any fault with it, as I paroled only one, after killing nearly a dozen."

"Well, I shall report you myself," said the captain.

"Why should you do so?" said Yankee Doodle.

"Simply because you have done what you had no right to do."

"Well, what business is that of yours?"

The captain's face flushed, and he angrily retorted:

"It is my duty as an officer to do so, sir."

"All right," said Yankee Doodle, "do your duty; I try to do mine."

"What regiment do you belong to?" the captain asked.

"I decline to tell you, sir."

The captain turned on his heel, and at once repaired to brigade headquarters, where he reported that the drummer boy, Yankee Doodle, had captured a Spanish soldier and paroled him.

"How do you know he did?" the general asked.

"I heard him say so."

"Is that all the proof you have?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, we can't court-martial on such evidence as that," said the general, "for we would have to ask him about it, and, as you ought to know, you can't make a prisoner tell anything against himself; so I would advise you to let the matter alone, Captain."

The officer went away in a towering rage, because he thought his dignity had been insulted by the drummer boy, and an hour or so later reported the matter to the commander of the army.

To his astonishment, the general said to him:

"That is all right, Captain; he told me about it before he told you. You had better return to your regiment and look after matters in your own company, and cease troubling about things that do not concern you."

That was a stinging snub for the captain; and he went away with a determination to have some sort of satisfaction out of the drummer-boy.

In the meantime Yankee Doodle, at the suggestion of old Diego, returned to the general's headquarters to report that the four horses were without any provender; whereupon the chief of staff gave him a written order on the headquarters commissary for the necessary provisions for man and beast.

Before sunset of that day the last regiment had been landed from the transports, after which followed the army stores and a vast amount of ammunition and other equipments. In the meantime the general sent for the commander of the first brigade that had landed, ordered him to go before daylight the next morning and seize the ford and hold it, stating at the same time that Yankee Doodle and his three comrades would act as guides for him.

"Come with me," said the brigadier to Yankee Doodle, as he retired from headquarters; "I want you to tell me about your trip."

Yankee Doodle accompanied him to his quarters, and for over an hour he was busy explaining his trip and what he saw at the ford.

"How far away is it?" the general asked.

"I think it is about eight miles, General," was the reply, "and it is a pretty good road all the way."

"How deep is the water at the ford?"

"About knee deep, sir, as near as I could find out."

"And how wide is the river at that point?"

"Not more than fifty or sixty yards, I should say."

"Then," said the general, "be ready to move at midnight, for I want to reach there before daylight."

"All right, General, I will report to you promptly at midnight," and with that he saluted and retired.

Hurrying back to his tent, he told Joe and the others:

"Turn in, boys, and get all the sleep you can, for we are to move at midnight."

"All right," said Joe, and in ten minutes all four of them had rolled in their blankets for a three hours' nap.

Old Diego awoke in time to call them up, and in a very few minutes they were in the saddle on their way to brigade headquarters, where they found the general and his staff ready to move, with the entire brigade under arms.

Orders were issued to the colonels to instruct the officers of the line to have their men observe a profound silence on the march. They were soon off, and nearly four thousand men started on the tramp on the main road leading south from the village. It was a clear, starlight night, and the air was cool and pleasant, making a great contrast as compared with the heat of the day.

After a march of about three hours they were passing the collection of huts where lived the young girl who had piloted Yankee Doodle the day before over the hills. Of course the tramp of the armed host awakened the occupants of the huts, who rushed to the doors and windows in no little trepidation.

Yankee Doodle, with Joe, Diego and Tony, were in advance, piloting the way, accompanied by a party, ready to repel attack from any Spanish scouts whom they might encounter. But luckily none were met with.

There were faint streaks of dawn visible in the east as the head of the column came within sight of the river, and Yankee Doodle sent Joe back to inform the general that they were within a few rods of the ford, and that officer rode forward, accompanied by his staff, and halted on the banks of the river. It was yet too dark for any object on the opposite bank to be seen. The general himself not understanding Spanish, Yankee Doodle, with Tony standing by his side, explained that the water was not over knee deep, that the bed of the river was of hard sand, and that the breastworks were on both sides of the road which led up out of the water right straight ahead.

While they were whispering there on the river bank a hoarse voice of a Spanish sentinel was heard on the other side calling out:

"Alerta! Alerta! Alerta!"



The general ordered the regiment at the head of the column to go across at quick step and charge over any breastworks that fired upon them, and also to wait until the signal to advance was given.

They waited about twenty minutes, by which time it was light enough to give them a faint view of the Spanish position.

Then the signal was given.

The head of the column was more than half way across the river before the enemy was aware of its presence; then a few shots from the sentries, followed by loud cries of alarm, aroused the Spaniards.

It was evident that the surprise was complete, for the head of the column was going over the breastworks by the time the Spanish had rallied.

A furious conflict ensued, for the Spaniards stubbornly resisted, contesting every inch of ground.

But the Americans were too many for them; they poured over the breastworks like a resistless torrent, and in less than five minutes the unfinished fortification was theirs. About two hundred Spaniards were captured and some sixty or seventy killed and wounded, whilst the others fled down the river in the direction of the breastworks that had been hastily thrown up on that side. But those works were thrown up to face an enemy on the west side of the river, and not one on the east side; hence the Americans were in their rear.

They were pursued only a mile below the ford, when the pursuit was recalled, as the instructions from the commander-in-chief were to seize the ford and hold it; having done that a strong picket line was established, and scouts sent out to keep an eye on the enemy.

The American soldiers were jubilant over the success of the move, for their loss was slight—only four men killed and twelve or fifteen wounded.

They laid down and rested, and some slept after the march of three hours, whilst others proceeded to prepare breakfast, and still others stripped to have a swim in the river.

In the meantime Yankee Doodle, with Diego, became separated from Joe and Tony; but they pushed forward beyond the picket line in order to see if they could find out where the Spaniards would make the next stand. It did not take them long to do so, for they soon noticed masses of Spanish troops forming a line of battle across the road under the cover of the woods, with a very large clearing in their front.

"By George, man," said Yankee Doodle to Diego, "they hold a good position out there."

"Si, senor, so they do."

"It would cost the lives of hundreds of men to dislodge them, for we would have to charge them through that clearing, while they would be protected by the timber."

"Si, senor; it would be a hard fight, and their right is protected by the river."

After watching the movements of the enemy for an hour or so they were joined by other American scouts, to whom he explained the position of the enemy in the woods on the other side of the clearing.

While he was thus explaining to the scouts the position of the enemy an officer rode up in command of a company to establish a picket line. He proved to be the captain who, the day before, had sought to make trouble for Yankee Doodle on account of paroling a Spanish prisoner.

Some of the scouts reported to him what they had learned from Yankee Doodle about the enemy's position.

"What does he know about it?" growled the captain.

"I don't know, sir," replied the scout, who belonged to his company, "but that is what he told me."

"Yes," said the captain, "he talks like a fool; I don't think there are any Spaniards out there at all," and he at once ordered his company to advance in the direction of the woods on the opposite side of the clearing.

"Captain!" called out Yankee Doodle, on noticing the foolhardy movement, "you are running your men into the jaws of death."

"Silence, you fool!" roared the captain, and the men went forward, led by the captain himself.

"Caramba!" exclaimed old Diego; "what does he mean, senor?"

"He is a fool, Diego. I don't know what he means."

"They will all be killed," said the old Cuban.

Yankee Doodle and Diego sat on their horses in the edge of the woods and watched the men as they went forward into the deathtrap. When within a hundred yards of the other side of the clearing a tremendous volley of rifle shots burst from the edge of the timber, from more than a thousand Mausers, and nearly one-half of the brave fellows went down. The others returned the fire. In less than one minute, however, the Spanish fire was so hot the Americans broke and fled—every man for himself.

"Come away, Diego," said Yankee Doodle; "I don't wish to witness the slaughter of brave men," and he and the old Cuban turned their horses' heads and rode back in the direction of the ford.

An hour later reports came back that a company of Americans had been cut to pieces by the Spaniards. The general sent one of his staff forward to make inquiries, and soon the truth was known.

## CHAPTER VI.

### THE CONCERT OF THE DRUMS ON THE BEACH—THE OLD "REBEL YELL" AND YANKEE DOODLE.

Emboldened by their success in repulsing a single company of American soldiers, a Spanish regiment of over one thousand men pushed across the opening in pursuit. Of course all the scouts and pickets were forced to retire before them. They were met by the staff officer sent by the general, who immediately sent couriers back with a report of the situation and asking for reinforcements. A regiment was quickly hurried forward, who met the Spaniards about a mile from their line. A sharp fight ensued, which resulted in the retreat of the Spaniards, after losing some two score or more men, while the Americans lost a dozen or so killed and wounded.



The company that had been so badly cut up was called in, and the captain made his report to his colonel, who in turn forwarded it to the general, with a statement of the casualties. One of the scouts, however, went to the general, and told him that the captain had marched his company into a deathtrap after Yankee Doodle had told him positively that the Spaniards were in line of battle in the woods beyond the opening.

The general was astounded and sent for Yankee Doodle.

The latter, of course, on being questioned, told him the story of the disaster. One of the staff was sent to summon the captain, whose name was Granby.

The captain flatly denied Yankee Doodle's statement and denounced him as a meddlesome liar, whereupon Yankee Doodle haughtily retorted:

"I dare you to take off your coat and repeat that."

"Tut, tut," said the general, "keep quiet, sir," and then, turning to Yankee Doodle, he asked:

"Who heard you tell the captain that the enemy were massed in his front?"

"Every man in his company, General, for he yelled back at me, 'Silence, you fool.'"

"Captain Allen," said the general, turning to one of his staff, "go back to the company and inquire of the men if they heard Yankee Doodle give the captain that warning."

The young officer left, and was gone about thirty minutes, after which he returned and reported to the general that every man in the company had stated that he heard the warning and heard the captain's retort to Yankee Doodle, "Silence, you fool."

"Captain Granby," said the general, "you are under arrest; you will report at once to the provost marshal at the camp on the beach."

The captain saluted the general and retired from his presence, after which the general turned to Yankee Doodle and thanked him in the name of the whole army for the service he had rendered, adding:

"I wish it were in my power to place you in command of a body of scouts. I have no right, as you know, to take an officer's men away from him except for cause."

"Thank you, General," replied Yankee Doodle; "the commander-in-chief has asked me to instruct the drummers of the different regiments in the art of beating the charge."

The general smiled and remarked:

"I think you are better as a fighter than as a drummer."

"I hope I am, General," he returned. "If the commander-in-chief would let me do so, I think I could soon get up a company of Porto Ricans to act as scouts and guides."

"Just the thing," said the general, "for they know the country, know the people, and know the Spaniards; they will be of invaluable service in this campaign. We captured arms enough this morning to arm two or three hundred of them. Get the men, and I will ask the commander-in-chief to assign you to command them."

After leaving the general, Yankee Doodle went in search of Diego, and found him with Joe and Tony, who had just come in from scouting.

"Hello, Joe!" he said, grasping the fifer's hand; "where have you been?"

"Out in the woods watching the Spaniards," was the reply, "and we came within an ace of being gobbled up by them."

"What happened?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"We ran into a party of Spaniards in the woods," said Joe, "some five or six of them, and it was fun to see Tony."

"How did he behave?"

"Well, he was scared," was the reply, "but he laid about him with his machete with such vigor that I didn't know whether there was half a dozen of him or only one."

"Did he hurt anybody?"

"I don't think he did," said Joe, laughing, "for he killed three of the enemy so quickly I don't think they felt any pain at all."

"Good!" laughed Yankee Doodle, grasping the youth's hand and shaking it warmly. "The way to fight, Tony, is to fight, and fight to kill."

"Si, senor," said Tony, "that's what I tried to do, for I was afraid they would kill me," and the innocent excuse he put up for what he had done set Yankee Doodle in a roar.

"Now, see here, Tony," said Yankee Doodle, "the general wants me to find one hundred Porto Ricans to serve as guides, and I am to command them. Can you go among your friends and get that many to join?"

"I can get some, senor, but don't know how many; but Miguel Mello, who is the father of the girl who was with us yesterday, can help me get them."

"Well, let's go back there and see him," said Yankee Doodle, "for I don't think they will have any more need of us around here for a few days."

In a little while they were ready to start, but before going Yankee Doodle went to the general to ask leave of absence, telling him what he wished to do.

"Go ahead," said the general, "and take this to the commander's headquarters," and he handed him a sealed note as he spoke.

"I shall deliver it at once, General," said Yankee Doodle, saluting.

"Very well," was the reply; and the drummer boy passed out, mounted his horse and rode away across the river.

As they were ascending the hill beyond the river Yankee Doodle turned to old Diego with:

"Amigo, if we raise a company of Porto Ricans you must be second in command."

"Si, senor; I will serve where you wish me to."

Then he turned to Tony and inquired of him the name of Miguel Mello's daughter.

"Her name is Mercedes, senor."

"A beautiful name," said Yankee Doodle.

"Si, senor; and she is a beautiful girl."

"So she is, Tony; and I'm thinking she could do much in assisting her father to rally the Porto Ricans to our standard."

"She will do what she can, senor, for she hates the Spaniards."



It was but a short ride from the river to the home of Miguel Mello, and when they arrived there they found the dozen families in a state of great excitement. Mello himself rushed up to Yankee Doodle and inquired:

"What is the news, Senor Americano?"

"Good news, Amigo," was the reply; "we captured the fort, two hundred prisoners, after killing and wounding some sixty or seventy; we now hold the ford and will soon move down on San Juan."

"Blessed Maria!" exclaimed the old Porto Rican, "that is good news," and he turned and repeated it in a loud voice so that all the women and children in the huts could hear him. They came pouring out, and the first to reach his side was his daughter Mercedes, who reached up her hand to Yankee Doodle as he sat on his horse, with a glad smile on her face, saying:

"I greet you, Senor Americano! I'm so glad your soldiers have beaten the Spanish."

"Senorita," replied Yankee Doodle, dismounting and standing by her side, "I want one hundred of your people to go with me in this war; we will give them arms, horses and ammunition, and they shall have pay just like the American soldiers. Will you not ask your father to persuade his neighbors to join him?"

"Si, senor; my father will do it; if not, I will myself."

"Bless you, senorita; that is what I wanted to hear you say," and he took her hand in both of his and shook them warmly.

"I will help you, senor," said her father.

"Do so," said Yankee Doodle, "and do it quickly. Tony, here, will assist you. The Spaniards cannot interfere in any way whatever because they dare not cross the river; we will soon have them all cooped up in San Juan. I will return to-morrow or next day to see how many names you have, and render what assistance I can."

He then mounted his horse and rode away, followed by Joe and Diego, leaving Tony behind to assist Miguel.

On arriving at the camp, Yankee Doodle reported at once to the commander-in-chief, to whom he delivered the letter that had been intrusted to him by the general in command at the ford. The letter contained the written report of the fight at the ford, the news of which had already been received by courier.

The general looked at Yankee Doodle and placed his hand on his shoulder, saying:

"My young friend, so far you have performed the greatest service of any man in this army. That ford was the key to the situation, and you were the first to discover it. The admiral was right when he suggested to me to turn you loose unhampered with orders."

"Thank you, General," said Yankee Doodle, "I think I can raise a company of scouts among the natives here. Will you permit me to do so?"

"Certainly, my boy, and will furnish them with arms, ammunition and rations, but I have no horses to give them."

"The enemy will furnish the horses, General."

"All right, then; go ahead," and the general laughed heartily over the pluck and daring of the drummer-boy.

"Thank you, General," said Yankee Doodle, saluting; "if you will order the drummers of the army to assemble on the beach to-night I will give them lessons in beating that charge."

"I will do so," was the reply; and with that Yankee Doodle retired, went to his tent, secured his drum, after which he laid down to rest from the fatigues of the day.

Soon after sunset various drummers of the army began to assemble on the beach, each one with his fife. Yankee Doodle soon joined them, and as they stood in a line facing him he beat the charge, while Joe used his fife. Thousands of the soldiers came down to listen, and when the charge ended a great cheer went up from them.

Then he asked the drummers if any one among them had caught the air sufficiently to beat it.

One said he thought he had.

"Come out here, then, alongside of me," said he, "and let me see you do it."

The drummer stepped out and stood alongside of him, whilst Joe played the fife for him.

He played it about half way through accurately, and then blundered.

Yankee Doodle quickly laid his hand on his arm and stopped him, saying as he did so:

"You've got it right up to that point; I will take it up where I stopped you," and then he sent it roaring over the beach again in his own inimitable way, while the others all listened.

"Now try it again," he said.

He did so, and got it right.

"Good for you!" exclaimed Yankee Doodle; and so he took them one after the other until every drummer and fifer had mastered it, after which there was a general concert of all, in which there were but a few discordant notes.

Cheer after cheer went up from the assembled soldiers, in which the drummers and fifers joined.

"Now," said Yankee Doodle, "we'll march along the beach and serenade the fishes with 'Hail Columbia,' for I think it is a tune they have never heard. They are pretty much all Spanish fish in these waters. Those of them who don't like it can swim out into deep water and drown themselves."

He then struck the first note of the national air, and all the drums and fifes followed, marching behind him for half a mile along the beach. Over a thousand soldiers fell in behind them, laughing and cheering.

The "Star Spangled Banner" and "The Bonny Blue Flag" followed, each of which was lustily cheered by the troops. But when he struck the first note of "Dixie," and the others joined in, the soldiers of the Southern regiments seemed to go mad. They shrieked, and cheered, and yelled, in which they were joined by the entire army.

When silence was restored an old Confederate soldier sang out to his comrades:

"Let's have the old rebel yell, boys!" and it was given with a roar that was heard far and wide over land and sea. Scarcely had the sound of it died away ere the stirring notes of "Yankee Doodle" burst from every drum and fife,



which brought the enthusiasm of the soldiers up to the highest pitch.

## CHAPTER VII.

### YANKEE DOODLE AND CAPTAIN THORNTON—HE ORGANIZES THE PORTO RICANS.

The next day after the concert of the drums on the beach, every regiment in the camp was exercised in field manoeuvres, among which was the charge; and as the drummers beat it the wildest enthusiasm prevailed in the ranks. Nearly all the officers who expressed an opinion declared that it was of immense value to the service, and Yankee Doodle was the recipient of many compliments on account of its success.

Later in the day the commander-in-chief ordered a court-martial to try Captain Granby, and Yankee Doodle was notified that it would sit that evening and that he must be on hand to testify in the case. A little while after he had been so notified, an officer came to him on behalf of the captain, who sought to persuade him to modify the statement that he had made to the general of the brigade.

"How can I do that?" Yankee Doodle asked him. "Do you expect me to admit on the witness stand that I lied in my first statement?"

"By no means," replied the officer; "but it is very easy for you to say you might have been mistaken, and that you are not sure of such and such things, and thus leave the matter in doubt."

"I can't do that, sir," said Yankee Doodle, shaking his head emphatically.

"Why not?" the other asked.

"Because it would be a deliberate attempt on my part to make the court believe a lie; and I'm not built that way, sir."

"Well, it seems to me that you could make a little sacrifice to save the reputation of a fellow-soldier."

"But I have no desire to save such a soldier; on the contrary, I'm extremely anxious that he should be punished for sacrificing the lives of brave men."

"Captain Granby has a great many friends in the brigade, and their influence will be of immense value to you if you win their good will."

"I don't want their good will, sir, if I have to sacrifice my self-respect to gain it," was the reply, "and you will pardon me if I express my surprise that you should attempt to shield such a man from the consequences of his acts, for it seems to me that an honorable man wouldn't do such a thing."

The officer's face flushed, for he felt the rebuke keenly; but the only reply he made was:

"You had better think it over before you appear before the court-martial."

"Will you be there?" Yankee Doodle asked him.

"I don't know that I will; why?"

"Because, sir, if you are, I may repeat to the court what you have said to me."

"If you do I shall denounce you as a liar," said the officer, hotly, and with that he turned away and left Yankee Doodle standing at the rear of the tent, on the outside.

While the interview was taking place between Yankee Doodle and the friend of Captain Granby, a young staff officer was inside the tent with Joe Bailey, the fifer, and they both heard every word that passed. As the drummer-boy re-entered the tent the staff officer remarked to him that he and Joe had heard every word that passed between him and Captain Thornton.

"I would advise you," said he, "if Thornton is present when you testify before the court-martial, that you repeat what he said to you."

"I shall repeat it anyway now," said Yankee Doodle, "whether he is present or not, since he threatened to denounce me as a liar."

That evening, when the court-martial was held, in a tent near headquarters, pretty near half the privates of the company which had suffered so terribly by reason of Captain Granby's foolhardiness were near by, waiting to be called as witnesses; several officers appeared to testify in behalf of the accused; the charges were read and the accused pleaded "Not guilty."

Yankee Doodle was the first witness called, and he told the story of how he discovered the presence of the Spaniards, and had actually seen two or three regiments of them deploying in line of battle in the edge of the timber. He also stated that he had called out to Captain Granby that the Spaniards were in force in his front, and that he was leading his men into the jaws of death; that the captain had replied to him in a commanding tone of voice, "Silence, you fool."

After he had given his testimony another officer who appeared as counsel for Granby began to cross-question him. He answered every question coolly, but did not in any way modify his testimony, although the officer tried hard to make him do so.

"Who has been coaching you for this trial?" the officer asked.

"Nobody has coached me, sir," he replied; "but one officer attempted to do so, and failed."

"Name the officer," commanded the president of the court.

"Captain Thornton, sir."

"In what way did he try to do so?"

Yankee Doodle then repeated what had taken place between himself and the friend of the accused.

Captain Thornton was among a group of officers listening to the testimony. He promptly arose to his feet and denied that he had ever spoken to the drummer-boy about the case.

The presiding officer of the court-martial turned to Yankee Doodle and asked:

"Have you any witnesses to that interview?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "my fifer, Joe Bailey, and Major Wilde, of the staff of the commander-in-chief, were inside my tent behind me, and they both heard every word that passed between Captain Thornton and myself."



Thornton turned white as a sheet, and a few minutes later left the tent.

The result of the trial by court-martial was a verdict of "Guilty of wilful disregard of information which he must have known was reliable and, through incompetence, had sacrificed the lives of several men in his command, coupled with conduct unbecoming an officer." The court recommended his dismissal from the army.

The next day charges were preferred against Captain Thornton by Major Wilde, of the general's staff.

In the meantime Yankee Doodle, with Joe and old Diego, mounted their horses and rode out to see Miguel Mello, and find out what success he was meeting with in securing volunteers for scouts and guides. As they rode up to the home of Mello they were surprised to find about a hundred men lying around under the shade of the trees, every one of whom sprang to his feet and crowded around him as soon as he halted his horse. Tony and Miguel were the first to greet him.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," sang out Mello, "the men are here and are eager to fight the Spaniards."

"Thank you, senor," said Yankee Doodle; "you have done quick work."

"Si, senor," said the old fellow; "since the battle at the ford our people see the power of Spain is breaking, and they are anxious to help smash it."

"Good!" said Yankee Doodle, and then he called out to the men:

"Men of Porto Rico, get into a straight line by the roadside there." And in a few minutes they had arranged themselves in a line facing him.

"Now, Senor Mello, do you know all these men?"

"I do, senor," was the reply.

"Do you vouch for them as being men who will be true to the cause of Porto Rico?"

"Si, senor."

Then he turned to the men again and continued:

"Now, my men, you are needed by the Americans as guides and scouts for the army. You will be furnished with arms, ammunition and rations; horses we must capture from the enemy. Now, any man who is afraid to face the enemy with arms in his hands, let him stand out, for we don't want him."

Not a man moved, and Miguel remarked:

"They are not afraid, Senor Americano."

"No!" cried out the girlish voice of Mercedes from the midst of a group of women and children, "the men of Porto Rico are not afraid to fight!" whereupon the entire crowd cheered the young girl.

"They must be like our men at home, senorita," said Yankee Doodle, "for the men of America stand ready at all times to fight to the death in defense of their sweethearts."

"It is the same here, senor," she replied, her face wreathed in smiles, "for every Porto Rican has a sweetheart, or expects to have one," whereat there was another cheer from the men.

"Now, men, hold up your right hands and swear to be true to the cause and obey orders."

They did so promptly, and Yankee Doodle swore them in in his off-hand way.

"Now, Diego," said Yankee Doodle, "take command of these men and march them to the ford, where they will all be armed, after which we will find out if they know how to handle a gun. If they don't know how to shoot, they must be taught, and that quickly."

"Si, senor," said Diego, and within five minutes the grim old Cuban was leading the way to the ford.

Yankee Doodle and Joe rode on ahead, crossed the river, and reported to the general of the approach of the Porto Ricans.

"That's pretty quick work," remarked the general.

"Yes, General; since your victory here the other day the impression has gone out among the natives that the end of Spanish rule is close at hand, and they are all eager to give the departing Dons a kick."

The general laughed and remarked that it was a phase of human nature.

"Yes," assented Yankee Doodle, "no matter what language a man speaks I guess human nature is about the same the world over."

"So it is, my boy. How many rifles do you want for those fellows?"

"There are about a hundred of them, I think, though I haven't counted them yet."

"Well, we can give every man of them a Mauser and a belt full of cartridges."

By that time the Porto Ricans, with grim old Diego at their head, were seen crossing the ford, and as they were the first organized body of natives to rally to the support of the Stars and Stripes the American soldiers received them with vociferous cheering. Arms and rations were issued to them at once, after which Yankee Doodle and Diego led them out to an opening half a mile away, where a test of marksmanship was applied to every one. Fully two-thirds of them would have missed an elephant fifty yards away, and it would have been an accident to hit a church at one hundred yards. Both Yankee Doodle and Joe frequently rolled on the ground in convulsions of laughter at the comical way some of the men held their guns and aimed.

They had to take them one by one, explain the mechanism of the gun and how to aim at a target so as to hit it. After the lesson had been given Yankee Doodle told them he would now apply a final test, and that the man who did not follow the instructions he had received and hit the target, which was about the size of a full grown man, at the distance of one hundred yards, his gun would be taken from him and he sent away.

"For we want no man," said he, "who can't shoot to kill. I want every man to count the bullets in his belt as so many dead Spaniards," whereat old Diego yelled out his approbation so fiercely that the Porto Ricans also shouted approval.

In the final test every man hit the target.

"Very good," said Yankee Doodle. "Now remember this, Porto Ricans, that when you kill a Spaniard he can do you no more harm; whereas if you shoot at him and



miss, he may shoot at you and hit his mark, so you see the necessity of aiming well before you pull the trigger."

## CHAPTER VIII.

### HOW YANKEE DOODLE MOUNTED HIS PORTO RICAN SCOUTS.

Having organized his company of native scouts and guides, and taught them the art of shooting to kill, Yankee Doodle reported to the general in command at the ford that he was ready for duty.

"Men on foot cannot do much at scouting," remarked the general.

"Very true," assented Yankee Doodle; "we will soon have the horses."

"All right, then," said the general, "go ahead; do all the mischief you can, and when you get any news send it in quick."

The next day after receiving the arms Yankee Doodle left the ford and made his way along a little country road which led away out to the left of the Spanish position. Diego was second in command and Joe third, each having about thirty-five men in his squad, making one hundred and five in all.

Reasoning that the flank of the Spanish army would be protected by cavalry mostly on scout duty, Yankee Doodle moved in the direction he did for no other purpose than to meet Spanish scouts. He marched that day about ten miles, which placed him pretty close to the left of the enemy's position. It was a beautiful country through which he marched, and at a little village where he stopped to refresh his men he learned that a Spanish squadron of horse had been there the day before. Quite a number of the men in his company had friends and acquaintances living there, and it was an easy matter for him to gather information about the movements of the enemy. Of course there were residents there who were loyal to Spain, some of whom lost no time in sending information to the enemy that a party of insurgent Porto Ricans were then at the village, all of which Yankee Doodle naturally expected.

He had gone there for the purpose of tempting the enemy to attack him.

Within an hour after he had reached the place he had selected a thick wood on the side of the town next to the enemy, where, as soon as he could learn of their approach, he intended to conceal his men and await their arrival; but until such news should come to him he purposely avoided going there lest news of his position should be conveyed to the enemy.

It so happened that the messenger who carried the news to the Spanish camp explained very minutely the exact position occupied on the south side of the village by the Porto Ricans.

It was a little before sunset when news came that a squadron of Spanish horse was coming down at full speed on the village and were then but a mile or two away.

Not a minute was lost in moving his force to the woods and concealing it in ambush.

"Now, men," said Yankee Doodle, "the Spaniards are coming as fast as their horses can run. They expect to find us on the other side of the village, and will come dashing along this road here within fifteen or twenty feet of you. Now, every man of you must stand in position with your rifle ready to fire at the signal, and when you hear that signal, which will be a pistol shot, each of you must bring down a Spaniard. If you are cool and cautious, you cannot miss him at such close range. Now be careful, and aim at the rider, because we want his horse. When you have fired once, quickly make ready for a second volley, and pick off the men who are on horseback. The others may retreat; don't pursue them without orders. Whatever happens, obey every order given promptly—for that is the first duty of a soldier. Now, do you all understand what I have told you?"

"Si, Senor Capitan," came from every man in the bushes.

"Very well; now remain still and wait for my signal."

By the time he had ceased talking the sound of rushing horsemen was heard far up the road. It increased in volume until it was like the roar of a great torrent. A few minutes later the Spanish cavalry appeared in sight, coming at a swinging gait. They swept past the ambush until the head of the column was beyond by some fifty yards, leaving the centre of the rushing cavalrymen in front of the Porto Ricans.

Then a single pistol shot was heard, and a Spaniard tumbled out of his saddle.

Two or three seconds passed; then a hundred rifles cracked along the bushes on the roadside—and it seemed as if every Spaniard in front of it went down before it. Some of them clung to the necks of their horses, but eight out of ten tumbled out of their saddles, and their horses reared and plunged, thus adding to the excitement and confusion.

The volley had cut the Spanish column in two. Some thirty or forty who had passed beyond the ambush were cut off from those who were in the rear. Their leader on hearing the volley wheeled and saw the road filled with dead and dying cavalrymen, while their riderless horses were plunging about trampling them under their hoofs. He instantly ordered his men to charge and rejoin their comrades who were bringing up the rear.

He was met with a well aimed volley that almost destroyed his detachment. Those in the rear were cognizant of the terrible destruction that had overtaken those in front and recoiled. They delivered a scattering fire in the direction of the bushes, without being able to see a single enemy.

By the merest accident, two of the Porto Ricans were instantly killed—a fact which was not ascertained until after the fight was over and the enemy had retreated. As soon as the retreat began Diego rushed out into the road and sent shot after shot at the enemy as long as they were in sight.

"Now, Porto Ricans," sung out Yankee Doodle, "you have done well; let every man catch a horse."



A rush was made for the steeds, and in a little while every man had a horse, with saddle, halter, holster and pistols. Some of the horses went scampering through the streets of the village.

"Let every man get a sabre," sung out Yankee Doodle, and the dead and wounded Spaniards' weapons were picked up where they had fallen.

"Diego," called out Yankee Doodle to the old Cuban, "let no wounded man be harmed."

"No, senor," said the old man, "they have not the wrongs to avenge in Porto Rico that we have in Cuba."

Yankee Doodle then turned to Joe, to whom he said:

"Lieutenant Bailey, mount your men quickly and scout down the road a few miles, but avoid a fight if possible."

Tickled at being made a lieutenant so suddenly, Joe laughed, mounted his horse and soon had his entire party in the saddle. The others remaining were ordered to gather up all arms and to convey them to the village, after which the wounded were also taken there. Then Diego, under instructions from Yankee Doodle, proclaimed to the excited villagers that any man who wished to join the command would have a rifle, horse and saddle.

Nearly a score of young men at once enrolled themselves as members of the command.

By that time night had come on, and they went into camp. They remained there through the night waiting to hear from Joe and the scouts. About midnight half of them returned with the report that the other half were within full view of the campfires of the Spaniards, some five or six miles away.

Yankee Doodle immediately sent a courier to recall Joe, who returned a little before daylight.

"We must get away from here," said he, "for we can't hope to play that trick on them again, and if we stay here they will come down on us in such force as to wipe us out."

"That's so," said Joe, "for there's a big crowd of them out there."

Just as faint streaks of dawn were seen in the east the little band, now numbering one hundred and twenty men, well armed and mounted, rode out of the village, each man carrying an extra rifle, that had been captured from the enemy.

It was a little after noon when they rode into the camp at the ford. Yankee Doodle hastened to report to the general. The first thing he said after saluting was:

"General, we have our horses, and a good sabre with each one, together with over one hundred Mausers, which I wish to turn over to you as captured property."

The general laughed, shook his hand, saying:

"Well, tell us how you did it?" And Yankee Doodle related the story in a few simple words without the least spirit of braggadocio.

"Well done, my boy," said the general; "I hope to see you in command of a regiment before the war ends."

"Thank you, General; I think I can soon recruit a native regiment, for the Porto Ricans seem to think that now is their chance."

He then informed the general what he had found out about the position of the enemy, which was to the effect that they were throwing up earthworks to protect a line of

railroad which connected the city of San Juan with the interior.

"What do you think their force is?" the general asked.

"I have no idea, General; but there's a big crowd of them."

"Did you see the railroad?"

"No, sir; it was on our right some three miles. But I could see that the office of the enemy was to protect it."

After again thanking him, the general dismissed him and sat down to write a report to the commander-in-chief of the information he had just received concerning the movements of the enemy.

Yankee Doodle at once returned to his men, established a camp and proceeded to give them a course of drilling that made the swarthy fellows sweat. Never were raw recruits so quickly turned into soldiers; nor did men ever strive so earnestly to understand the lessons they were being taught. As for Yankee Doodle, they regarded him almost in the light of a superior being.

Early the next morning they began drilling again; and all day long they were engaged in executing the movements taught by the tactics. The score of recruits who had joined them after the fight were put through target practice until each man thoroughly understood the art of aiming at and hitting the mark.

It turned out that the news Yankee Doodle had brought concerning the position of the Spanish forces along the line of the railroad was the first that the general had received that he considered important, for it convinced him that the Spanish were trying to hold their communications with the interior; and from that fact he reasoned that they had forces elsewhere which they wanted to be concentrated at San Juan, to say nothing of keeping up their supplies from the interior.

The information was at once forwarded to the commander-in-chief, who sent back an order to cut the railroad and hold it, at the same time forwarding two regiments to assist in the movement.

Yankee Doodle was sent for immediately.

"There is work for you," said the general as soon as he appeared.

"Of course," assented the general. "I am going to send out a column to cut that railroad and hold it; and look to you for scouts and guides."

"Where will you strike the road, General?" Yankee Doodle asked.

"Right where the dirt road crosses it, so that communication can be kept up."

"Very well; when shall I start?"

"Within an hour," ordered the general, and promptly at that time Yankee Doodle, with one hundred and twenty Porto Ricans, mounted and rode away, after detailing one man as guide for the column, in order that no mistake should be made by the soldiers on their march. He moved straight in the direction of the village where he had captured the horses, and was within three miles of the place when a party of half a dozen Spanish scouts were seen.

"They are watching us very closely," he remarked to Joe.

"They have need to," laughed the fifer.



"Of course; and we must watch them, too."

The Spanish scouts retired along the road, keeping just out of range of Yankee Doodle's rifles; but after going a mile or so, they were reinforced by a company of from sixty to seventy Spanish cavalry.

So far, the enemy had seen only a portion of Yankee Doodle's scouts, which numbered about thirty, and naturally supposed they comprised all who were in the neighborhood; so they charged down on them for a fight.

As they outnumbered him about two to one, Yankee Doodle and the Porto Ricans fell back nearly half a mile along the road until they joined Diego's detachment.

"Now, boys," said Yankee Doodle, "go for them;" and to the astonishment of the Spaniards, they beheld a body of Porto Ricans charging.

Whatever else may be said of the Spaniards, they are not cowards. They met the charge firmly. The Porto Ricans fired as they rode forward, killing and wounding a dozen or more, and then drew their sabres, charging with old Diego at their head with his terrible machete.

The cavalymen, of course, had been drilled in sabre tactics, while the Porto Ricans had not; but the latter had been wielding the machete almost from infancy, and knew how to handle it in the way to do the most damage. They cut and slashed with but little skill, yet so destructively that the Spaniards were fast being decimated. They were outnumbered and completely surrounded. When about half their number had fallen, they attempted to cut their way through. They succeeded, but at a terrible sacrifice of life.

Yankee Doodle would not permit pursuit, fearing it would lead them up against more of the enemy.

"By George!" he said to young Bailey, "that was a tough fight; five of our men have been killed, and about a dozen wounded."

"Yes," said Joe, "but just look at the Spaniards. There are at least fifty of them killed and wounded. Did you see Diego with his machete?"

"I had no time to watch him," said Yankee Doodle; "what did he do?"

"He did wonders. I think he cut down five or six Spaniards, and I saw the head of one of them fall to the ground before the body reeled from the saddle. He is a fiend in battle."

"So he is," assented Yankee Doodle. "If we had one hundred men like him, what havoc we could make in the Spanish ranks!"

"It would be frightful," said the other.

"Yankee Doodle ordered the arms of the enemy gathered up, and detailed five men to take them back to camp, after which he buried his dead and constructed litters for the wounded to be moved back in the lines.

Then he moved forward again, saying to Joe and Diego:

"We are not sent out to fight, but to pilot the way and gather information for the soldiers who are coming on behind us; so we must avoid a fight as long as we can while we are scouting."

In the course of the afternoon they saw a number of Spanish scouts, who seemed disposed to keep out of their way, but as they approached the railroad they found the

cavalry guarding it in such force they were compelled to retire.

Old Diego ascertained from a resident of the vicinity that the Spaniards were throwing up breastworks by the railroad near where the dirt road crossed it.

"Ah, that's where the fight will be," said Yankee Doodle; "and we'll have it there before night."

Half an hour later a party of American cavalry came up, the officer of whom was well known to Yankee Doodle.

"What's the news?" the officer asked.

"The news is," was the reply, "the enemy is throwing up breastworks where this road strikes the railroad; and if our forces fail to attack at once they will have some awfully bloody work on hand to-morrow."

"Quite right," said the officer, who immediately sent back a courier with the information he had just received.

The result was that the column was hurried forward; and within another hour the brigade was ready to begin the fight.

## CHAPTER IX.

### RUNNING THE GAUNTLET—YANKEE DOODLE SAVES THREE REGIMENTS FROM CAPTURE.

When the general rode up, Yankee Doodle, accompanied by several of the Porto Ricans, escorted him to a hill, from the crest of which, by means of his field glass, he had a good view of the enemy's position and what they were doing. As he lowered his glasses, the general looked at his watch, and then up at the sun.

"We have two hours of daylight yet," he remarked to an officer at his side, "and that is time enough for us to take that position."

He ordered his brigade to deploy in line of battle, and advance on the enemy at once, firing as they went forward.

The regiment sprang forward, and were soon within range of the Spanish fire. The unfinished breastworks afforded the enemy but little protection, yet they stood their ground bravely. The onward rush of the American soldiers pushed them back. At first they fell back slowly, contesting every foot of ground, until a wild yell on their left flank, where Yankee Doodle and the Porto Ricans charged furiously upon them, caused them to break, and the retreat became a rout.

It was at that moment that Yankee Doodle saw a Spanish captain trying to mount a horse in order to escape. He charged upon him, calling out:

"Surrender, Capitan!"

"Never!" yelled the Spaniard, spring into the saddle and drawing his sabre.

Yankee Doodle drew his revolver and fired at him; but at that moment the Spaniard's horse threw his head up, and the bullet pierced his brain. The horse reared on his hind feet, fell backward and crushed the Spaniard under him.

Yankee Doodle sprang from his horse and went to his assistance; but the latter was unconscious and lay still.



Yankee Doodle seized the dying horse by the bit and dragged him partly off the Spaniard.

As he did so the uniform of the officer was partly torn away, and underneath his coat Yankee Doodle espied a money belt. Knowing that the dead would be searched before burial, he quickly removed the belt and found it very heavy. Then he took up the sword of the fallen officer and noticed that it was a very fine one, with diamonds bedded in the handle of it.

"By George!" he said to himself, "this is a prize. He was only a captain, but he was evidently a man of wealth. I have the sword, so I will take the scabbard," and he proceeded to take the possession of the belt and scabbard.

By this time the enemy had been pushed back several hundred yards from their position, and the shouts of the American soldiers told that the victory was complete. The American general held his men well in hand, and proceeded to hold what he had taken.

The fight had been won inside of twenty minutes. All the spades and shovels the Spaniards had been using were instantly gathered up and used by the Americans in finishing the earthworks the enemy had begun, as they had been ordered to hold the place.

The sun went down and the stars came out, and the Spaniards did, too. All around the American position the flash of the Mauser rifle was seen and heard, and the hail of bullets was kept up. The Americans could only fire at the flashes of the enemy's guns, and by those flashes the general soon learned that he was entirely surrounded. The situation looked grave.

He did not fear assault, as he could repel it; but to be subjected all night long to a galling fire was more than he thought his troops could stand. Then, again, under the cover of darkness, the enemy could increase their force without his knowledge.

After standing the fire for some two or three hours, the general hunted up Yankee Doodle, led him to one side, and in a half whisper said:

"My boy, we are in a tight place; I don't know how long we can stand it. The fire all around us constantly increases in volume, showing that the enemy is receiving reinforcements. Some one must go to the ford for help, and no one can do it so well as the Porto Ricans. Find one who will volunteer to go."

"General," said Yankee Doodle, "it is impossible for one man to get through there; the only way is for me to take all my men and make a dash and cut through. Some will fall—maybe half of them—but they can't kill them all."

"It is terrible," remarked the general; "the loss of life will be frightful, but I know of no other way to accomplish it."

"We will go through, General," said Yankee Doodle. "We may lose many, and we may not lose one. Sometimes there is safety in audacity. What shall I say to the commander at the ford?"

"Tell him to send every man he can spare to my assistance without a moment's loss of time."

"I will be off in ten minutes, General."

"Success to you then, my boy," and the general wrung his hand and turned away.

Yankee Doodle at once hunted up Diego, Joe Bailey and Miguel Mello, to whom he explained what was to be done, saying as he did so:

"Some of us may fall, so I will give each one of you the message that is to be delivered to the general at the ford," and he repeated to them the message the general had given him.

"Now, gather the boys quickly," he added, "but don't let them know the dangerous errand we are going upon. Tell them to fasten their guns to their backs and ride with drawn sabres, and for each man to follow right on after the one ahead of him."

In a very few minutes the entire command, numbering about ninety men, were in the saddle quietly waiting for orders, whilst bullets were whistling all around them.

At the word of command, Yankee Doodle himself, with Diego at his side, moved off, keeping in the middle of the road at a brisk canter. As they approached the line of fire, Yankee Doodle ordered Diego to call out in Spanish in an authoritative tone of voice:

"Cease firing, men!"

Diego did so, repeating it half a dozen times, and those of the Spaniards who heard it immediately ceased firing; but others who failed to catch it kept blazing away, and again the old Cuban repeated the order in a very authoritative tone of voice.

Of course the Spaniards could not see in the dark, other than they could discern the forms of men on horseback, and naturally they suspected them to be some officer and his staff. But just as they reached the outer line Yankee Doodle found the road pretty well filled with Spanish soldiers almost directly in his path.

"Out of the way there!" exclaimed old Diego, and his Spanish was so correct, the tones so commanding, that the soldiers gave way. But a few moments later somebody discovered the deception and sung out:

"They are not Spaniards," and immediately began firing.

"Forward men!" cried out Yankee Doodle at the top of his voice, dashing along the road at full speed, and the Porto Ricans dashed after him as fast as their horses could go.

A shower of bullets whistled all around them, and three of the Porto Ricans were hit, one of whom tumbled out of his saddle.

It was a daring escape, and Yankee Doodle chuckled over it all the way to the ford—to which point he urged the horses at the top of their speed. He lost no time in explaining to the commandant of the post the situation of the brigade at the railroad crossing.

The long roll was beaten, and within thirty minutes three regiments were on the way to the relief of their comrades. Yankee Doodle and his men on their tired horses again led the way, but now they were going at a pace that enabled their steeds to recover from the violent race they had just finished.

It was about two hours after midnight when the reinforcements came in sight of the flashing guns in and around the position occupied by the Americans.

A charge was made, dark as it was; and over three hundred Spaniards were captured, with probably a third of



that number killed and wounded; whereupon the firing ceased all around the position, because the enemy had the impression that the entire American army had arrived on the field.

When day dawned, it was seen that the fight had been a bloody one, for three or four hundred Americans had been killed and wounded, while more than double that number of the Spaniards had fallen.

Tired as the men were, as soon as they had partaken of a breakfast they moved forward in considerable force in order to ascertain the position of the enemy, as it was feared they would mass artillery on the crests of some hills which overlooked the captured breastworks. It was soon ascertained, however, that the enemy had fallen back some three or four miles along the railroad to a range of hills, where they were hastily constructing earthworks; whereupon the Americans returned after placing a strong line of pickets.

It was then that the general, who had been fighting all night, sent for Yankee Doodle. When he appeared the general grasped his hand and exclaimed:

"My boy, but for you it would have been all up with us before sunrise, and I'm going to so state in my report of this affair to the commander-in-chief."

"Thank you, General," he replied, "I tried to do just what you asked me to."

"And you did it, my boy, and did it bravely. But tell me, how did you get through with so little loss?"

"Oh, I hoodooed them, General," he laughed.

"Hoodooed them! How?"

Yankee Doodle explained how he had played Spanish on them through old Diego, whereupon the general and his officers laughed, slapped him on the shoulder and shook his hand.

"Send for that old Cuban," said the general. "Such men as he ought to be encouraged."

Yankee Doodle sent for Diego, and whilst awaiting for his arrival he passed the time in relating to the officers stories of the awful strength of the old Cuban and his terrible destructiveness in battle, adding by way of illustration that he could chop up more Spanish meat in a given length of time with that old machete of his than any sausage machine that had ever been built.

"And I'll bet," he added, "five hundred dollars in gold that he can cut an ordinary horse in two square across the back with one blow of his machete."

"Have you got the money to put up on that?" an officer asked.

"Yes," said Yankee Doodle.

"I'll take that bet, then," said the officer, "provided I can raise the money"—whereat there was a laugh among the officers, and before the laughter ceased the old Cuban appeared.

Yankee Doodle introduced him to the general, who grasped his hand, shook it warmly and thanked him in the name of the whole army.

The modest old warrior was almost overcome on hearing the commendations of the general, and simply remarked that, strong as he was, he was not yet able to strike as hard a blow against Spain as he wished to.

He was then introduced to the other officers present, all of whom grasped his hand and called him the champion fighter of the army. One of the officers wore a badge of gold, the emblem of some secret organization to which he belonged, about an inch in diameter, representing a skull and cross-bones. He pinned it on the breast of the old Cuban, saying as he did so:

"Senor, this means death to Spaniards; wear it, and strike hard in the day of battle."

Perhaps the old Cuban was at that moment the proudest man that stood on the face of the globe. A grim smile swept across his swarthy face as he gazed at the golden skull and cross-bones, and he remarked:

"Senors, I have cleaved many a Spanish head."

The officers laughed and exclaimed, "Good! Good!" and one of them tendered the old fellow a drink of brandy.

From that moment old Diego was more dangerous to the Spaniards than he had ever been before in all his life.

When the general had made up his report of the capture of the railroad he handed it to Yankee Doodle to see that it was promptly delivered to the commander-in-chief, thinking, of course, that he would send some one of his scouts with it.

"I will deliver it myself, General," said he.

"Who will command the scouts in your absence?" the general asked.

"Diego," was the reply.

"Very well," said the general, "deliver it as quickly as you can."

Yankee Doodle saluted and hurried away to his horse. On meeting Joe, he told him where he was going.

"I'll go with you," said Joe, "for Diego and Miguel can handle the men in our absence."

"All right, come ahead; no time is to be lost." In a few minutes the two boys were on their way back to the ford.

They stopped long enough at the camp there to tell the story of the defeat of the Spaniards, and their changed line of battle. Then they crossed the river and rode over the hill in the direction of the main road leading to the coast.

As they were passing the home of Miguel Mello, Yankee Doodle stopped to tell his family that he was well and had distinguished himself in battle the day before.

"I knew he would do that, Senor Americano," said Mercedes, "for he is a brave man, and had a brave man to lead him."

"Thank you, senorita," said Yankee Doodle; "this is a time when a man who is not brave should stay at home."

"Si, senor," she said, "I'm sorry I am a girl, and wish I were a man."

"Ah, senorita, I'm glad you are a girl."

"Why, Senor Americano?" she asked, looking him full in the face with her great black eyes.

"Because you are far more beautiful as a girl than you would be as a man; your voice is sweeter, your smile is more charming, and you move the hearts of men in such a way the bravest cannot resist you."

"Oh, senor!" she exclaimed; "the men of Porto Rico are not such flatterers as the Americanos."



"I do not flatter you, *senorita*. I am like all other men who worship at the shrine of woman's loveliness."

"Do the Americans worship their women, *senor*?"

"Si, *senorita*; we worship our mothers, our sisters, our wives and our sweethearts."

"Then I wish I lived in America," said she, coquettishly, "for the men of Porto Rico do not do that way."

"No need of going there, *senorita*; for the American soldiers are here; and when they see you they will pay tribute to you as the most beautiful of your sex. Why do you not visit your father in camp?"

"Would I be permitted to do so, *Senor Americano*?"

"Of course, *senorita*. I will return here to-morrow, and, if you wish me to, will conduct you to your father and see that you return home safely again."

"I will go with you, *senor*," she said, her face lighting up with joy at the opportunity thus opened up for her, for the first time in her young life, to enjoy a season of pleasurable excitement.

Yankee Doodle then dashed on toward the coast, bearing with him the news of victory, with Joe close at his heels.

When he reached the camp, officers and men called out to him:

"The news? The news?"

"A battle—and a victory!" he cried, hurrying on to headquarters.

Joe remained behind with the men and told the story of the battle, while Yankee Doodle delivered the report to the commander-in-chief.

The good news flew from mouth to mouth; and soon every man in the army had it. They made the welkin ring with cheers; and the drummers, together with the fifers, helped out the racket.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE FIGHTING BEFORE SAN JUAN—HOW YANKEE DOODLE SAVED THE DAY.

After the capture of the railroad crossing it became necessary for a forward movement to be made by the American forces to prevent an advance of the Spaniards along the railroad to overwhelm the brigade stationed there. To that end the army was put in motion the next morning after the battle at the crossing. At the same time the fleet lying off San Juan began throwing shells at the fortifications, thus threatening the Spaniards on all sides.

Brigade after brigade marched up the river, crossing at the ford, and pushed on to the railroad, where they formed a junction with the force already there on the battlefield.

Then the march on San Juan began.

Now it was that Yankee Doodle's native scouts and guides proved their worth to the American army. There were three roads besides the railroad leading to the city. Old Diego took one, Yankee Doodle the other, and Joe Bailey the third, while Miguel Mello with a party of twenty

well armed Porto Ricans followed the railroad as guides for a company of sutlers and miners. Close behind each party were squadrons of cavalry of sufficient strength to repel any attacks of Spanish horse.

The Spaniards were forced back step by step, stubbornly contesting every mile. From every patch of woods and clump of bushes a bushwhacking fight was kept up. It was then that Yankee Doodle's experience in Cuba came to his assistance, and all day long he exchanged shots with the Spaniards. To his great delight, he found the Porto Ricans splendid fighters. He expressed his satisfaction to one of them, saying that they behaved like old veterans.

"Si, *senor*," said the fellow, "we know that the Americans are at our back, and that we are bound to win. We all thank God for this chance to deal Spain her death-blow."

"Yes, *Amigo*," said Yankee Doodle, "we are pushing them back to San Juan, where, between the army and the fleet, we will grind Spain to powder."

A colonel of cavalry joined Yankee Doodle, to whom he expressed his surprise at the fighting qualities of the Porto Ricans.

"Yes, Colonel," he replied, "I wish I had a regiment of them, for one of the men has just told me that the presence of the American army has made them utterly fearless."

Half a mile farther on the Spaniards had planted a battery on the brow of a hill, seemingly determined to make a stand there.

"Hold your men back, Yankee Doodle," said the colonel, "for there may be two or three thousand Mauser rifles behind that battery, and we must wait until our infantry comes up."

Yankee Doodle at once ordered the Porto Ricans to lie down in the bushes and keep quiet until further orders. They promptly obeyed, and remained in that position while shells from the battery shrieked and burst all around them.

By and by the American infantry came up, and also a light field battery. The latter opened upon the Spaniards at once and a furious artillery duel ensued, which lasted half an hour, after which the order to charge the battery was given.

The two regiments that made the charge were United States regulars, who went forward with a steadiness that nothing could shake.

"Up, men, and go with them!" cried Yankee Doodle to the Porto Ricans, and the swarthy fellows dashed forward with a fierce yell.

Out on the right old Diego and his men were pushing forward to the same point. Under a fire that swept the entire hill the regulars pressed forward, and when they were within fifty feet of the battery they were astounded at seeing Yankee Doodle's Porto Ricans on the left, and old Diego with his on the right, dash in ahead of them and engage the gunners of the Spanish batteries with their machetes. Old Diego seemed a very demon of war.

The Spaniards went down under his terrible sugar-cane knife right and left.

The regulars swept past the battery and engaged the Spanish riflemen who had been supporting it. Yankee Doodle's detachment captured one of the guns and Diego's



the other. Both sprang astride of his prize with yells of triumph that were heard above the roar and rattle of the conflict.

It was a bloody fight, but the victory was complete.

The Spaniards fell back after losing the battery, and the Americans pressed on, giving them no rest. When night came on the Spaniards were all inside their line of earthworks which had been thrown up weeks before in anticipation of the invasion, while the American army encamped in front of them.

During the night the general sent for Yankee Doodle and told him he wanted to find out whether or not there was a second and third line of earthworks behind the one in his front, and asked if any of his Porto Ricans could get the information for him.

"I will see, General, and report in a few minutes," and he went away in search of Diego and Joe Bailey.

"Si, senor," said old Diego; "I'll find out, if I have to go through myself."

"Let us get the men together," said Yankee Doodle, "for there may be some among them who already know what we want to find out."

Pretty soon he, Joe, Diego and Miguel Mello had their men all together. They had suffered greatly during the charge on the battery, losing between twenty-five and thirty men killed and wounded. On making inquiry, they found at least a half-dozen who had frequently passed in and out of San Juan within the last week or ten days, from whom he learned that there was a second line of earthworks a half mile in the rear of the first line. Beyond that there were a number of places where light field batteries behind earthworks had been stationed to defend the road.

On gaining that information, Yankee Doodle hastened back to the general to report.

"There is a second line of breastworks half a mile behind the first one," he stated.

"And beyond that?" the general asked.

"Simply a few batteries on the hillsides that command the road," was the reply.

The general was quiet for a moment or two and then remarked:

"There must be no mistake about it—are you sure of the correctness of this statement?"

"I am quite sure of it, General, because it has been made to me by half a dozen different men, each one telling the same story."

"That is proof enough," remarked the general; after which he said:

"I am told that your Porto Ricans captured two of the guns to-day."

"Yes, General, my detachment took one and Diego's the other; but our loss is heavy."

"Sorry to hear that," remarked the general, "for they are brave fellows. I can hardly understand how you have been able to hold undisciplined soldiers together in the face of such a terrific fire."

"I can't understand it myself, General," he returned, "but they stuck to me like old veterans."

"You had better not expose them so much to-morrow," suggested the general.

"For heaven's sake, General, don't order us out of the fight."

"Oh, no; I have no intention of doing so."

Yankee Doodle saluted and returned to his men, whom he told that on the morrow a great battle would be fought in which they could take a hand, and suggested that each one roll in his blanket and get as much sleep as possible.

But there was little sleep that night for the soldiers of either side, for the constant booming of the great guns of the fleet bombarding the forts of San Juan were not lullabies to soothe men to peaceful slumber.

A little after daylight the men were under arms awaiting orders to begin the attack. While the boom of the guns of the fleet had been going on all night, it seemed to double in volume as day dawned, as though the ships had opened fire which up to that time had been silent.

Just as the sun was gilding the tops of the trees the American batteries opened on the Spanish works with a roar that shook the earth. The Gatling guns, rapid-fire guns, and other batteries of heavier calibre poured a torrent of iron hail into the enemy all along the line for upward of one hour.

The enemy replied vigorously, but in the matter of artillery they were evidently outclassed, for at several points along the line their batteries were silenced; and at several different places the explosions of caissons were heard. Then came the order to charge.

The batteries ceased firing and the infantry advanced through a dense cloud of powder smoke that for a hundred feet or more completely enveloped them. They went up against the long line of earthworks with fierce yells that boded ill to the enemy, and in a few minutes they were charging over them and bayonetting as though the word "humanity" had no place in their vocabulary.

Again Yankee Doodle and his Porto Ricans were the first to scale the earthworks. They dashed for a Spanish battery, every gun of which had been dismounted by the American shells, poured through the breach and went at the Spaniards with their machetes.

In many places along the line the American artillery had driven the Spaniards completely away, and they had retreated to the second line of defenses, thus leaving their comrades in other parts exposed to flank movements, which blunder the American officers were quick to avail themselves of. By a quick dash of a regiment of United States regulars, a Spanish regiment was almost surrounded and many were forced to throw down their arms to escape destruction. Between five and six hundred were thus made prisoners.

The fight ended within a couple of hours, and the American army remained in possession of the battlefield while the Spaniards concentrated their regiments behind the second line of breastworks.

The day being extremely warm, the Americans proceeded to bury their dead at once and to provide for the wounded. Large field hospitals of canvas were set up which protected the wounded from the fierce rays of the sun.



There was no more fighting that day, save by the fleet, which kept up the bombardment incessantly, as if to prevent the Spaniards getting the rest they so much needed. The great guns knocked the batteries along the shore nearly all to pieces, but the Spaniards stood to their guns as long as they could use them. Sometimes the fire from the ships would be concentrated on a particular battery, making it so hot for the enemy they would be forced to leave it, and the officers of the fleet would flatter themselves that they had not only silenced the guns but destroyed the battery; but after a few hours the fire from these same batteries would be resumed, save where one or two guns had been dismounted. Then the trained gunners of the fleet would open on them again with terrific effect. Thus the fight went on day and night by land and sea.

On the morning of the third day Yankee Doodle met one of the scouts who had been in the city the night before, and learned from him that the Spaniards were preparing to make a sortie.

"When will they make it?" he asked the Porto Rican.

"Soon after sunrise, senor."

"Are you sure of that?"

"Si, senor, I saw and heard enough to make me sure."

"Tell me what you saw and heard."

"I saw officers taking leave of friends and wives, saying they were going to cut their way out of the city this morning."

"That is enough," said Yankee Doodle, and he at once put spurs to his horse to hasten to see the general. He found him at breakfast with his staff.

Springing to the ground, he dashed into the general's quarters, saluted, and called out:

"Pardon me, General, for my abruptness; but the entire Spanish army will be on us in less than half an hour!"

The general and his staff sprang to their feet, while Yankee Doodle continued:

"One of my men was in the city last night, and he saw many officers taking leave of wives, sweethearts and friends, saying they were going to cut their way through this morning."

"Is the man reliable?" the general asked.

"I believe that he told me the truth, General."

The general instantly dispatched orders to his brigade and division commanders to instantly prepare for battle.

In a few minutes staff officers were flying in every direction, and the effect of their presence at different headquarters was instantaneous. Every regiment was stripped for the fight and ready to meet the enemy.

A little after sunrise great masses of Spanish troops were seen advancing all along the line. The American batteries opened on them at once from every hill top around the doomed city.

The American officers were instructed to act strictly on the defensive until the enemy's attack was repulsed. Then they were to prepare to follow up the advantage gained and deal a decisive blow.

Yankee Doodle and his Porto Ricans were out on the right wing to watch any flank movements that might be made by the enemy.

When the clash came old Diego was eager to go in, and chafed under the restraint imposed upon him.

"Why not let us fight, senor?" old Diego asked.

"We are doing our duty here, Diego," he replied. "We will get fight enough before the day is over. The general ordered me to watch the enemy on the right so as to prevent any flank movement. Were we to go in now I might be court-martialled and shot for disobedience of orders."

That seemed to satisfy the fiery old Cuban, who sat there on his horse in front of his men watching the tremendous conflict all along the line.

A little distance on Yankee Doodle's right was a high hill almost inaccessible from the front, and the idea occurred to him that from its summit he could obtain a better view of the battlefield, so he hastened to reach it, leaving Diego in command of his Porto Ricans. Joe Bailey accompanied him.

Once on the crest of the hill, he turned his field glass to the left, and saw behind a hill half a mile away several brigades of the enemy massing for some desperate move. He also noticed that the hill in front of them concealed them from the view of the Americans.

"Say, Joe," he said to his young fifer-lieutenant, "there are several thousand Spaniards over there getting ready for some sudden move, and I'm afraid that our officers are not aware of it."

"How can they be," said Joe, "since they can't see them?"

Yankee Doodle continued to gaze at the enemy behind the hill for several minutes. Suddenly he exclaimed:

"Great Scott, Joe, I see their game!"

"What is it?" Joe asked.

"Why, they mean to sweep around the foot of that hill and burst upon the centre of our line right where it is weakest, and if they break through it will be all up with us, for they will cut us in two and fall upon the right or left wing and cut it to pieces before the other can render any assistance."

"It will cost them something to do it," remarked Joe.

"Yes, so it will; but it'll cost us a great deal more. Just keep your eye on them and I'll go and see the general;" and with that he made his way down the hill and dashed forward along the line at full speed.

The American officers were amazed at seeing a solitary horseman dashing furiously right in front of their lines; but he sped on till he had almost reached a little eminence from which the commander-in-chief was watching the battle.

Presently a cannon ball passed through his horse's shoulders right in front of his knees. The splendid steed went down, instantly killed, while Yankee Doodle rolled out of the saddle some ten or fifteen feet beyond. But he sprang up and hurried away on foot to where the general and his staff stood.

"I'm glad you are not hurt," said the general as Yankee Doodle reached his side.

"Thank you, General; had that shot killed me instead of my horse, it would have been bad for the army."

"You are right," laughed the general, "for we can't very well do without you."



"It isn't that, sir," was the reply, "but it's the news I bring. You see yonder hill whence came the shot that killed my horse?"

"Yes," replied the general.

"Well, the enemy is massing behind it, and they are going to sweep around its base to the right there, several thousand strong, and pierce our centre."

The general gave a sudden start, asking:

"How know you that, sir?"

"Because I have seen them, General, not ten minutes ago."

Without another word the general wheeled and issued orders for two brigades to instantly strengthen the centre of his line. Scarcely had the brigades reached the threatened point when the enemy came pouring along the base of the hill like a great flood that had burst through a dam.

The general himself hastened to the spot, and took part in the fight. So great was the force of the enemy that a third brigade was necessary for the Americans to withstand the charge and repel it.

It was the critical moment of the day and victory hung in the balance for nearly thirty minutes. Charge after charge by the enemy was repulsed, and then they gave it up; whereupon the general ordered a charge along the whole line. The Spaniards retreated back behind their fortifications, leaving the ground literally strewn with their dead and wounded.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE FLAG OF TRUCE—"NOTHING BUT UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER."

When the last shot had been fired in the battle the general sent for Yankee Doodle, and, in the presence of several general officers, thanked him for his services during the day. He explained to his officers how the drummer boy had discovered the presence of the enemy behind the hill and rode at full speed through a storm of iron hail to bring him the news in time to prevent the centre of the line being pierced.

"But for that daring act of his," he added, addressing his officers, "the day would undoubtedly have gone against us."

Yankee Doodle was elated over the recognition of his services and thanked the general heartily.

"You are without a horse," said the general. "I will see that you get the very best one that can be had."

He then mingled with the officers and talked over the incidents of the day, and among other things told of the trouble he had with old Diego, his lieutenant, in keeping him from going into the fight.

"He is almost heartbroken," he added, "because he had no chance to use his machete on a Spanish skull; he would never take a prisoner if he had a chance to cleave him with his machete."

"He must be a pretty hard case," remarked one of the staff officers.

"Not at all," replied Yankee Doodle; "he is as tender-hearted as a woman, but in battle fierce as a tiger. I have seen him dismount from his horse in front of a little hut and play with the children with all the tenderness of a mother, and yet in battle I've known him to cut a Spaniard in two whilst begging for quarter."

"Which shows him to be a savage," remarked an officer.

"Perhaps so, at times," assented Yankee Doodle. "He is an exemplification of the truth of a remark I once heard made, that a man cannot be so thoroughly civilized as to entirely eliminate the savage."

"Ah," said the general, "I've heard that myself, and I believe it to be true; for I never in all my life found a man so gentle, amiable and patient but what there was a remnant of the savage lurking somewhere in him. I wish I had ten thousand such men as that old Cuban."

When Yankee Doodle rejoined his Porto Ricans he found old Diego in a very bad humor. He had been compelled to be an eye-witness of the greatest battle of the war up to that date without being permitted to strike a blow.

"Caramba!" he growled, "what am I here for if not to fight?"

"Amigo," said Yankee Doodle, "we bore our share in the battle, for in a great army like this regiments and brigades are assigned to positions, with orders to hold them at all hazards, for the position may be essential to the safety of the army as well as to enable it to win the fight. We were where the enemy could see us, and they knew we were there to hold the position. Had we not been there they would probably have secured it themselves and thus forced our army to fall back. As it is, our very presence was a factor in the fight. If the general cannot rely upon those to whom he issues orders on the day of battle he would have little chance of success in a campaign."

"You are right, senor," assented the old warrior; "yet I grieve that I struck no blow with my machete."

"You'll have chance enough, Amigo, and when you see those fellows in San Juan march out and lay down their arms, every man under our flag can truly say, 'I made them do it.'"

"Senor, will they surrender?" the old fellow asked, his face lighting up with expectancy.

"Si, senor," answered Yankee Doodle, "as sure as yonder sun now shines upon us we will capture San Juan and its defenders, by assault if they do not surrender before."

"I don't want them to surrender," said the old man, shaking his head. "Let them fight to the death, and we will do the same."

"That's all right, Amigo; but it is wrong to have a thousand of our men slain merely for the satisfaction of slaying two or three times that number of Spaniards. In this enlightened age the best general is he who obtains the greatest results at the least cost of life. To follow out your thirst for vengeance you would slay all the Spaniards and pass into history as a butcher."

"Ah, senor," said the old fellow, with a savage grin on his dusky face, "if I could kill them all I would be willing to be called a butcher."



Yankee Doodle laughed and said he would have to tie a string around him.

The greater part of the day was spent in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. At the same time the line was strengthened so as to be ready for any move on the part of the enemy by either day or night.

In the middle of the afternoon Yankee Doodle perceived a body of Spanish cavalry moving off on the right among the hills.

"Now, Diego," he said, "there go those fellows out there; see what they're after, but be careful not to engage more of them than you can handle."

In a moment the old Cuban was off at the head of his men to intercept the Spanish cavalry. An hour later a courier returned with the news that the Spaniards were trying to secure a pass between the hills and the seashore, far out on the right of the American line.

"Is there a road along there?" Yankee Doodle asked of the Porto Rican who had brought him the news.

"No, senor; the road runs around on this side of the range of hills and we hold it; but by cutting a road through the woods for about a mile they can strike the road about three miles in our rear, and thus escape to the interior."

"That's a pretty cute trick," remarked Yankee Doodle; "but are they cutting the road?"

"Si, senor, and they are throwing their cavalry out on the old road so as to keep us from catching them at it."

Again Yankee Doodle hastened to headquarters to report his discovery to the general. He found him engaged in looking over the reports of his subordinate officers detailing the casualties in their respective commands the day before.

His explanation of the efforts of the enemy to escape by a new road cut through a dense forest had a very quickening effect on the American general, who promptly ordered a brigade to march around the range of hills and take up a position in the old road where the new one would strike it when cut through.

In the meantime he communicated with the commander of the fleet, and the result was one of the ships was ordered to shell the woods continuously through which the road was being cut.

When Yankee Doodle returned from the general's headquarters he found Tony, the Porto Rican, waiting for him with a message from Diego, which was to the effect that if all the scouts were with him he could smash the squadron of Spanish horse which was then in front of him.

"Then we'll have a fight," he said; and immediately he proceeded with Joe and the rest of the scouts to join the old Cuban. They found him concealed in a thicket within a few hundred yards of the Spaniards.

The old fellow was itching for a fight.

After reconnoitering, Yankee Doodle agreed with Diego that if they charged unexpectedly on the Spaniards from the thicket on their left they could probably cut them off from their main army and capture them.

The move was made and the surprise was complete. The fight was short, sharp and decisive. About a dozen Spaniards were killed, a score or more wounded and some fifty or more captured. Among the prisoners was an officer

who had been peculiarly obnoxious to the Porto Ricans for several years. He was merciless in his exactions and brutal in his treatment of the natives.

There were a number in Yankee Doodle's command who had suffered severely at his hands, and the moment they saw him in their power they surrounded him, machetes in hand, and hurled all sorts of vengeful threats at him.

"What's the trouble out there?" Yankee Doodle asked of Joe Bailey.

"I hardly know," replied Joe; "but that officer out there seems to be in danger of being chopped to pieces by them."

Yankee Doodle rushed into their midst with drawn sword, crying out:

"Stand back, Porto Ricans; you must do no harm to prisoners."

"Diablos!" yelled a stalwart young Porto Rican; "he killed my father, and he shall die!" and with that he slashed at the prisoner with his machete and cut him down ere Yankee Doodle could save him. In his anger the young American turned upon the Porto Rican as if to run him through, but he was seized by half a dozen, all of them calling out:

"It served him right, Senor Americano."

The young Cuban got out of the way very quickly, and Yankee Doodle sung out to the others:

"The man who strikes a prisoner shall be shot," at which the Spaniards seemed to be highly pleased.

It was then that half a dozen or more of the Porto Ricans began reciting the barbarities of the Spanish officer who had just been cut down. Yankee Doodle listened to them patiently and called out:

"He got what he deserved; but still, when a man throws down his arms and surrenders, we are bound to protect him."

"Si, senor," sung out a Spanish captain, "we are prisoners of war."

"Yes, you are," he returned; "but from what these men around me say, it is a pity that such fiends should be protected by the rules of civilized warfare."

"You don't tell the truth," returned the officer.

"Are they all liars?" Yankee Doodle asked. "I heard the same stories in Cuba, and it is on account of her barbarous treatment of her colonies that Spain is losing them all."

The officer made no further remark, and a little later the prisoners, under a strong guard, were marched to the rear of the American army. The Porto Ricans had lost half a dozen men in the fight, but they were thoroughly satisfied with the knowledge that they had defeated the enemy.

On the night following the Spaniards attempted to slip out of the city by going through the woods where the new road had been cut about half way.

They filed through the woods without molestation, but were astounded at finding themselves confronted by the brigade entrenched along the old road just where they had planned to strike it.

At first they thought that it was a mere outpost of the American army, but the heavy fire of the brigade soon convinced them of their mistake.

Yet, so desperate was their situation, they charged re-



peatedly, hoping to be able to cut their way through. Every assault was repulsed and the enemy was forced to retire to the shelter of the woods again, where they remained the greater part of the night.

Early the next morning a flag of truce approached the American line, accompanied by an officer of the Spanish staff, who came to ask upon what terms they would accept the surrender of the city. He was taken to headquarters, where the general stated that he would have nothing but simply unconditional surrender, officers and men to be treated as prisoners of war.

The terms were finally accepted later in the day, and when the news reached the men in the trenches a great shout of triumph went from one end of the line to the other, while the Porto Ricans grew frantic in their joy.

## CHAPTER XII.

### CONCLUSION.

The entire day was consumed in negotiations for the surrender of the city, so that night came on before its completion, and it was decided to postpone the formal surrender until the next morning. But, knowing the treacherous character of the Spaniards, the American general took no chances; he guarded every avenue of escape, requiring the soldiers to sleep on their arms.

So overjoyed were the men at the triumph of American arms they made no complaint whatever.

The next morning at sunrise the soldiers were awakened by Yankee Doodle and Joe Bailey, who, with fife and drum, started along the line beating and playing "Yankee Doodle." Regiment after regiment caught the spirit of it and made the welkin ring with their shouts. Each regiment contributed its drummer and fifer as they passed, who fell in behind Yankee Doodle and Joe, beating the same tune, until it roared over the hills far and wide.

Up and down hill they marched in front of the American works, and officers and men alike waved their hats and cheered. Then they marched back over the same route, beating "Hail Columbia," "Star Spangled Banner," "Bonnie Blue Flag," and other airs so dear to the American heart.

The Spaniards over on their side looked on and listened in wondering surprise. The drummers spent over two hours in the trip, and every regiment they passed cheered Yankee Doodle by name, and would have fallen in behind him had not their officers forbidden it.

Soon after that episode the flag of truce again appeared between the lines, and by noon the entire Spanish army marched out from their works and laid down their arms, after which rations were issued to them and the officers paroled. There were several thousand prisoners to be guarded until some plan for their disposal could be devised.

It was not until the day following that the American soldiers were allowed to march in and take possession of the city. It was then that the terrible effect of the bombardment of the fleet became known.

The great shells had torn the shore batteries to pieces, and the old fortification known as Morro, built more than a hundred years before, was a mass of ruins.

It was feared that the Porto Ricans who had assisted in the investment of the city would produce a scene of rapine and slaughter, hence the strictest orders were given to keep them in check in order to preserve the good name of the American soldiers throughout the civilized world.

As Yankee Doodle rode through the streets of the city at the head of his Porto Ricans, grim old Diego at his side wore a smile of triumph; Miguel Mello had asked permission of the American general to wear the uniform of his rank, which was that of third lieutenant, and it was granted. Where he obtained the uniform was never known; but he wore it as he rode at the head of his dusky warriors, and was perhaps the proudest man of all that armed host that day. He had many acquaintances in the city, and also some enemies. He met several of the latter as they stood on the sidewalk of the street through which he rode, and to each one he pointed his finger, crying out at the same time:

"Senor, Spanish rule in Porto Rico is dead."

As he was passing a corner the old fellow discovered his daughter Mercedes in the midst of a crowd of women. She gave a shout of triumph when she saw him in his uniform as one of the conquerors of the haughty Dons. Yankee Doodle, recognizing her voice, turned and greeted her.

"Senor Americano," she sung out to him, "you promised to come for me to bring me to my father."

"Si, senorita," he replied, "but my duties as a soldier prevented my so doing;" and the next moment he dismounted to shake hands with her.

"You must ride by the side of your father, senorita," he said. And with that he seized her around the waist, lifted her up and seated her in his saddle, to the very great astonishment of the crowd of women who witnessed it.

"Senor capitan," said her father, "you honor me more than I deserve; take my horse and ride by her side;" and the happy old fellow dismounted and gave his horse to Yankee Doodle, after which he seized hold of the bit of Mercedes' horse and thus marched along through the streets, amid the cheers of the inhabitants who were rejoicing at the downfall of Spain.

"Senor Yankee Doodle," said the girl, turning to the young American at her side, "were I to live a thousand years I could not expect to be so honored or so happy as now."

"I'm glad you feel so, senorita, and still more glad to see you riding at the head of the men whom you influenced to fight for Porto Rico."

At that moment the young Porto Rican Tony rode up to the side of Mercedes and tendered to her his machete. She took it and held it in her hand over her shoulder all the rest of the way.

After the city had been formally taken possession of by the American forces the general proceeded to despatch a sufficient force against the nearest Spanish garrisons, with instructions to the officers commanding to make instant demand for their surrender.

Yankee Doodle and his Porto Ricans went into camp on



the outskirts of the town, where, to his surprise, over one thousand natives came to enlist under him.

"By George, Joe," he said to his fifer, "I wonder if the general will allow me to enlist a regiment? I can get them right here, and we have Mausers ready to place in their hands."

"Go and ask him," suggested Joe.

"Hanged if I don't," said he. And he went at once in search of the commander-in-chief. On reaching headquarters he found that the general had gone on board the flagship of the fleet to confer with the admiral.

"I'd like to see the admiral, too," he said as he stood looking out at the magnificent fleet riding at anchor in front of the town, "for he is the cause of my being here; but I guess they don't want to be bothered with a drummer-boy while discussing the situation."

He waited at headquarters until the general returned, and was first to greet him when he landed.

"Ah, my boy," said the general, shaking his hand, "the admiral inquired after you, and I told him a few things that pleased him."

"Thank you, General," he replied. "If I have been of service to you in this campaign I am well rewarded by your recognition of it."

"You not only have my personal, but shall also have official recognition," replied the general.

"Thank you again," replied Yankee Doodle. "I have come to you for advice. There are over a thousand Porto Ricans around my quarters, clamoring for permission to join my company of scouts. I can easily form a regiment of them, and they are willing to serve under any officers you may give them. What shall I do?"

"My dear boy," said the general, "I have no authority to organize bodies of native troops, but I presume the authority can easily be obtained. You have my permission to enrol them and organize under companies as a regiment, if you think you can control them."

"I have found it very easy to control my scouts, General, and if you will arm and feed these fellows we can use them without pay until they are mustered into service."

"Very well, then; go ahead."

Yankee Doodle saluted and hurried back to his quarters, where he detailed Miguel Mello and old Diego to take the names of all able-bodied applicants and organize them into companies of one hundred each, at the same time explaining to them that while they were not being incorporated in the American army, they would be armed and fed until authority came from Washington to muster them into service.

The news spread all through the city, as well as into the surrounding country, that the Porto Ricans would be allowed to arm and serve under the American flag. The result was that they came flocking to Yankee Doodle's quarters by hundreds. Over one thousand names were enrolled within twenty-four hours. He reported the fact to the general and stated that he could organize a brigade.

"Better confine yourself to the regiment," suggested the general, shaking his head, "until we can find out what the government wishes to do in the matter."

"General," he asked, "what am I to do for officers for the regiment?"

"You must select your own officers," was the reply, "as I can make no appointments."

He went back to consult with Diego, who told him he had ten companies who were waiting for officers.

"And they are waiting for rations, too," said the old fellow with a grim smile.

Again Yankee Doodle called on the general, who ordered the quartermaster to furnish rations for the Porto Ricans.

The next day he called on the colonel of one of the United States regulars, with whom he was well acquainted, and begged him to detail privates from his command to act as drill masters, and he did so, as there was nothing on hand to be done at that time.

The Porto Ricans were drilled on the beach every day for a week, and such was the enthusiasm of the recruits they were apt in mastering the tactics, to the very great satisfaction of all the officers who witnessed the drilling.

While the drilling was going on Yankee Doodle obtained permission to go aboard the flagship and pay his respects to the admiral.

"Hello!" the admiral exclaimed as he reached the deck, "I'm glad to see you, my boy; I've had a good report of you since I saw you last."

"Thank you, Admiral; I've been doing my best to deserve a good report."

"So you have, as the general informed me the other day, for he spoke of you in the highest terms. He also hinted to me that he believed there was such a thing as one's bearing a charmed life, else he must consider that you are one of the luckiest persons in the world."

"Well, I have been lucky," laughed Yankee Doodle, "for so far no bullet has touched me; but when my horse was shot from under me, going at full speed, I was spilled on the ground with such force that I thought every bone in my body was broken."

"Yes, the general told me about that," said the admiral, "and confessed to me that he believed you had saved the army that day. What are you doing now?"

"I'm organizing a regiment of natives."

"Good! Good!" exclaimed the admiral. "A few regiments of natives will no doubt be needed."

Yankee Doodle then explained the difficulties that were in the way of their being mustered into the service. The admiral, however, assured him that the difficulties would be removed in the course of time.

"I would advise you," he added, "to stay where you are for the present, organize the regiment and watch for an opportunity to show the authorities at Washington what they can do."

"Just what I was thinking about," remarked Yankee Doodle.

After spending an hour on the flagship telling the officers all about his adventures since landing in Porto Rico, Yankee Doodle took leave of them and returned ashore. That evening he was in his tent with Joe and old Diego, when Tony appeared and asked permission to see him privately.



"Certainly," he replied, and at once left the tent with the youth, and arm in arm strolled along the beach with him.

"Senor Capitan," said Tony, "I'm in love with Mercedes Mello; she is ambitious and will not listen to my suit; but I'm sure if you will make me captain of one of the companies in the native regiment she will marry me."

"Has she told you so, Tony?" he asked.

"No, Senor Capitan."

"Then I will give you one of the companies," said Yankee Doodle.

"Thank you, Senor Capitan; if you do you will have saved my life."

The next morning Yankee Doodle appointed Miguel Mello as one of the captains and Tony another. An hour or two later Mercedes came to him to ask if it was true that her father and Tony had been made captains.

"It is true, senorita," he assured her; "they are both brave men, and some day will be great men in Porto Rico. There is much fighting to be done yet, and they both may become generals."

The girl went away apparently in a serious frame of mind, and a few days later had promised Tony to become his wife.

After all the companies had been organized and officers appointed, arms and ammunition were issued to them, after which several days of target practice was had, and then they marched away to the interior to co-operate with a regiment of United States regulars in a movement against a small Spanish garrison some twenty-five or thirty miles south of San Juan. The day was extremely hot and many of the regulars dropped by the wayside, overcome

by the heat; but the Porto Ricans seemed to take no notice of the heat whatever, thus demonstrating to the colonel of the regulars their adaptability for the service.

On reaching the Spanish post the colonel of the regulars demanded its surrender. The Spanish commander flatly refused, and an assault was ordered. The Spaniards were protected by earthworks, but the regulars and Porto Ricans went over them like rabbits and a bloody hand-to-hand fight ensued. While the regulars confined themselves to the bayonet at close quarters, the Porto Ricans used the machete, and a terrible weapon it proved to be. The garrison was nearly cut to pieces.

The survivors finally surrendered after having satisfied the honor of their officers by a loss of nearly one-half their number.

A day or two after the fight the colonel commanding started on the return to San Juan with the prisoners and his wounded. It was a slow, tedious march for two days. On reaching the city he reported to the general the success of his expedition, in which he highly complimented Yankee Doodle and his regiment of natives.

"Do you think they can be trusted?" the general asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "after they have been well drilled and disciplined, for the heat seems to have no effect upon them whatever. As for courage, they seem to have all that is required in a soldier."

Thus we leave Yankee Doodle for the present with his regiment of dusky warriors whilst waiting for orders from Washington; whatever they may be, he holds himself in readiness to obey promptly, which is the first duty of a true soldier.

THE END.

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